

NAMES OF THE SIX JUDGES IN BEAUTY CONTEST

The Daily Mirror

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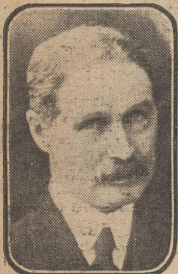
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[16 PAGES.]

One Penny.

BATON CHARGES AT GLASGOW—LEADERS ARRESTED



P1221
Mr. Bonar Law, who telegraphed that the Government was not going to intervene.



Mr. David Kirkwood, one of the Clyde deportees, and a strike leader, who has been arrested.



P4055
The Chief Constable of Glasgow, who was hit by a bottle during the strike riots.

Riotous scenes occurred at Glasgow yesterday in connection with the great strike. So serious did they become that the police were compelled to make baton charges, in which thirty persons were injured. David Kirkwood and William Gallagher, two of the strike leaders, were arrested, and the Riot Act was read.

DE VEULLE STAGGERS INTO THE DOCK AT BOW STREET: MAGISTRATE REFUSES BAIL.



P6862A
Reggie de Veulle as he appeared in—



P6864A
Another studio portrait of De Veulle. He was immaculately dressed when he appeared in court yesterday.



P2408C
Miss Sylvia Longellow, film actress, whose name was mentioned by counsel.



P20366
Miss Olive Hilderson, another film actress, whose name was also mentioned by counsel.



P6862A
—A single turn in London in 1908.

Reginald de Veulle, who almost staggered into the dock at Bow-street, was again remanded yesterday. Bail was on this occasion refused. De Veulle is charged with the

manslaughter of Miss "Billie" Carleton, and the case for the prosecution was opened yesterday by Sir R. Muir, who outlined the main facts of tragedy in a striking speech.

DE VEUILLE ILL AND ALMOST FAINTS IN THE DOCK

Doctor Says Condition 'Probably Due to Drugs.'

REMAINED IN CUSTODY.

Who Was It Gave Cocaine to Billie Carleton?

Immaculately dressed, but obviously unwell, Reginald de Veuille staggered across the floor of the court of Bow-street yesterday, and literally fell into a seat in the dock.

De Veuille, it will be remembered, as a result of the sensational inquest on "Billie" Carleton, the actress, was arrested on the charge of supplying the cocaine, the taking of which caused her death.

The actual charge against him is the "man-slaughter" of the dead woman by supplying her with cocaine, and it was on this that he appeared yesterday on remand at the police court.

The court was crowded, and the accused, almost crumpled against the end of the dock, wearing a tweed suit, bowed a thick crescent-shaped with his walking stick while Sir Richard Murr opened the case for the prosecution.

He was obviously ill. At one time he almost fainted in the dock.

Sir Richard Murr, who appeared on behalf of the Director of Public Prosecution, opened the case for the Crown with characteristic precision.

After he had gone on for some time, Mr. Huntley Jenkins, who appeared for the defence, noticed that his client appeared to be fainting. He asked for a short adjournment and then adjourned in the direction of the dock to obtain some brandy.

While this was being obtained a friend of the accused's went on through the prisoners' door and found him in a virtual state of collapse. "I feel as cold as death," he said.

Afterwards he revived somewhat, and Sir Richard continued with his opening, but it was soon apparent that the defendant was not in a physical state to endure the strain of the proceedings.

Before Dr. Dewsbury was put into the box, Mr. Huntley Jenkins called Dr. Bonington and asked him to report on his client's condition.

"He has practically no pulse and appears to be about to faint," said Dr. Hamilton when he went into the witness-box.

"I don't think this man ought to have bail at all," said Sir Richard Murr to Mr. Huntley Jenkins, to the latter's evident astonishment.

Presenting counsel then asked the doctor whether, in his opinion, it would be bad for the defendant to be in a position in which he could obtain drugs, and although the defence strongly denied that it was in any such position at the present time, Mr. Garrett was wise to remand him for seven days in custody.

Mr. De Veuille managed to walk out of the court, but it was evident he was in a very weak state.

THE LAST SLEEP.

Counsel Says "Cause of Death Was Over-dose of Cocaine."

Outlining the main facts of the tragedy, Sir R. Murr described the prisoner as a married man, thirty-eight years of age, by occupation a dress designer employed by a firm of dress-makers in Bond-street.

He was charged, he said, with the crime of manslaughter in respect of the death of a young woman known as Billie Carleton, only twenty-two years of age.

Her real name was Florence Leonora Stewart, but, said Sir R. Murr, as she was always known as Billie Carleton, he proposed to refer to her by that name.

She died on November 28 at rooms known as 65, Savoy-court, and the first question that

MARGARINE "DEMOBILISED."

All restrictions on the purchase of margarine by the public will be withdrawn as from March 2.—(Official.)

would have to be considered was the cause of her death.

Counsel described the finding of Miss Carleton at 11.30 on the morning of her death asleep in bed by her maid.

Sir Richard went on to say that Dr. Jewesbury, of Charing Cross Hospital, formed the opinion that the probable cause of death was narcotic poisoning, and the poison indicated was cocaine.

Swabs were taken of the contents of the nose, trachea, and these, with the necessary organs from the body, were submitted to Professor Richards, of Queen's College, for analysis.

The swabs contained signs of cocaine, and an alkaloid was detected in the body, but the other organs were free from any indication of poison.

It had been proved that cocaine as a poison was readily absorbed and could not be detected even by chemical or microscopic analysis.

"I shall ask you," said counsel, "to say upon the medical evidence combined with the history of Billie Carleton and her habits with regard to drugs, that there is convincing proof that the cause of her death was an overdose of cocaine."

The next question that arises is whether that was self-administered, and if self-administered whether it was taken with any intention of committing suicide or whether it was taken merely for the purpose of taking a drug for its temporary beneficial effects.

"NO IDEA OF SUICIDE."

"In Good Spirits and Looking Forward to Engagement in Paris."

Evidence will be given before you by persons with whom she was in daily contact that there was no indication on her part of any intention to take her life, nor was there any reason such as is known to induce persons to commit suicide.

She had prospects of other engagements, as good, or better, and she had money available to her and also in her possession, valuable jewellery which she could have converted.

Mr. Marsh, only a day or two before, had redeemed her jewellery at a cost of over £1,000.

There were no indications at all showing she had any anxiety in regard to her financial affairs, neither was there anything discoverable which she would take her life for any other cause.

She was apparently happy. Shortly before her death she was in good spirits, talking about her prospects as an actress in Paris, where she had an engagement in prospect, also as a film actress in America.

All these indications were against any suggestion that this dose of cocaine, if self-administered, was taken with any intention of taking her life.

She had the cocaine habit, continued counsel. There seems to be no doubt at all about that. It is proved by abundant evidence of an entirely trustworthy character. Her method of taking it was to sniff it up her nose.

"LITTLE GOLD BOX."

"Number of Fatal Doses" That Were Contained in a Trinket.

Taken in that manner, it is quite easy, say medical experts, to take a fatal dose. Therefore it is submitted to you there is abundant evidence from which you can infer from the sur-

MATTERS OF MOMENT.

The following important articles will appear in to-morrow's *Sunday Pictorial*—

DON'T KILL THE GOOSE!—A stirring call to Labour. By Horatio Bottomley, M.P.

SHOULD BRITAIN GO "DRY"?—The case for and against Prohibition. By Dr. Arthur Shawcross.

THINGS THAT MUST BE DONE QUICKLY.—The immediate task before the Government. By John Albion.

A PLEA FOR A BRIGHTER SUNDAY. By Sir William P. Treloar.

rounding circumstances that this dose was probably self-administered, but was not taken with any intention of destroying her life.

Deceased had in her possession at the time of her death a small gold box, which was found to contain a large quantity of cocaine, that is, large in a sense of the number of fatal doses that contained in that box.

"The question in this case is," said Sir Richard deliberately, "how did the contents of that box come into her possession?"

Counsel said no doubt the magistrate was familiar with the terms of the Defence of the Realm Regulation No. 40b, which makes it an offence for any person to procure for any other person or have in his possession for the purpose of giving it to any other person, cocaine, and of the elaborate precautions which must be taken by any person if that person is to avoid committing an offence.

LAW AND COCAINE.

Practically speaking, no person is entitled to be in possession of cocaine except under the prescription of a duly qualified medical man.

It will be clear that Billie Carleton did not procure that quantity of cocaine under any medical prescription.

It therefore followed that she must have got the cocaine into her possession by the unlawful act of some other person.

Cocaine was a drug which, owing to the very seriousness of a fatal dose, was one of the very few drugs of which it was a drug of great danger to life. Anyone who supplied cocaine in such quantities and in such a form as was found in the possession of Billie Carleton after her death committed an act of gross negligence which directly tended to the danger of human life.

Any person who does a grossly negligent act, or does an unlawful act, the result of which is that human life is taken, is responsible in law to answer a charge of manslaughter.

(Continued on page 10.)

HOMESICK ADMIRAL.

Von Reuter Goes to Germany but Comes Back to Scapa!

THE FED-UP SIGNAL.

The surrendered German war vessels at Scapa are showing great deterioration as the result of the neglect of them by their crews. The Germans will do nothing that is not absolutely compulsory.

Admiral von Reuter, growing tired of his sojourn at Scapa, made signals that he wished to return home. Permission was refused, but, the request being repeated, he was asked his reason, and replied, "I am sick."

Whether he meant that literally or intended to convey the idea that he was sick of his surroundings is not clear, but he was permitted to return, and apparently found the home conditions less attractive than they had been, for he has since returned to Scapa.

"Another Little U."—The German submarine U 157, at present at Tonsberg, in Norway, will in a few days be handed over to England. This submarine is a sister ship to the famous Deutschland—Kriegsmarine. Of the 135 German submarines surrendered and brought to England, four have been sent to America, sixteen to France, seven to Japan and ten to Italy for Allied naval experts to study.

"SAID HE HAD WON V.C."

Arrest Instead of Civic Reception and Purse of £300.

Charged with falsely representing himself to be a winner of the Victoria Cross, Hester Warrington, a soldier, was remanded at Barry yesterday.

It was stated that three weeks ago a telegram was purported to have been received at the local Red Cross hospital by Warrington, who was a patient there, that he had won the V.C. in France.

The local people lionised him and his photographs and biography occupied conspicuous places in the local Press.

Warrington publicly represented that he had in addition been the recipient of the D.C.M., and French and Russian decorations.

In his native town of Heywood, in anticipation of his return home to-day, a civic reception had been prepared, including a banquet and presentation of a sum of nearly £300.

Warrington was arrested yesterday morning and when formally charged replied: "Yes, I admit it."

BUY A BATTLESHIP?

Millions of Pounds of War Surplus for Sale.

Would you care to purchase a warship, an airship, a few cranes, or possibly one or two German submarines?

The Admiralty are making arrangements for the biggest auction sale ever held in this country.

Under the hammer will come fifty-three German submarines, airships and balloons, chairs and tables, beds and 20,000 blankets, two million pounds' worth of mahogany intended for aeroplane propellers, battleships, cruisers, torpedo-boats, destroyers and trawlers.

Crusaders, however, will not be allowed to cruise about in their vessels—they must be broken up.

Arrangements for the sale will be announced shortly.

PRINCE OF THE AIR.

Prince Albert to Qualify as Royal Air Force Pilot.



Prince Albert.

Prince Albert, who has been attached to the Royal Air Force for some considerable time and has made many flights as a passenger, is now taking up instruction to qualify as a pilot. The machine chosen for the Prince's tuition is an Avro biplane, a type of machine extensively used for school purposes.

ROMANIAN RISING FABLE.

There seems to be no foundation whatever for the recently circulated story of a peasant rising in Rumania.

"We have no confirmation of the report," said an official of the Foreign Office, "and I cannot understand how such a story gained currency. There is not an atom of truth in it."

ONE POLICE FORCE FOR WHOLE COUNTRY?

Proposed 'Nationalisation' Under State Control.

A SUPER CHIEF.

Will the police forces of the country be "nationalised" and placed under one central control?

This is the question which is being asked in whispers in police circles throughout the country, and *The Daily Mirror* understands that it is not being asked without substantial justification.

At the present time the police forces of the country, although nominally under the control of the Home Office, are to all intents and purposes locally administered.

That is to say, each county, city, and borough has its own constabulary, its own chief constable, its own "Watch Committee."

The recent disputes and strike threats among policemen, *The Daily Mirror* learns, have awakened the Government to the fact that it

BEAUTY CONTEST JUDGES.

The names of the six judges in the Great Beauty Competition are given on page 13.

is necessary, in the interest of the country, that some scheme should be evolved whereby the whole of the police forces of the kingdom—county and borough alike—should be coordinated into one State-controlled organisation.

The suggestion has not yet taken practical form, but the main idea is that the Government should appoint as head of the combined forces a kind of Super Chief Constable, to be known as Inspector-General of Police, or by some similar title.

Inquiries by *The Daily Mirror* show that policemen are inclined to view the proposed change of status with favour.

Case of the "Specials."—The Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis states that the report that all special constables will be relieved from duty to-night at ten o'clock is not correct.

The special constables of several divisions have already been relieved from active police duty, but are being held as reserves.

'WILL NEVER DELAY BEER'

Outspoken Confession by a Railway Official.

Mr. Ben Tilley's suggestion, in a letter to the Food Ministry, that railways should be responsible in part for the beer shortage, has been received with surprise by the goods men handling the traffic on the main trunk lines.

"I think I can safely say for our men that they would never delay the transit of beer," said one of the companies' officials yesterday.

"They have too much fellow-feeling for their own class on the subject."

"MOST MARRIED MAN."

Mr. Nat Goodwin Passes Away in New York.

Mr. Nat Goodwin, the famous American comedy actor, has died in New York, announces Reuter.

Mr. Nat Goodwin was the most married man of his time. His successive marriages may be tabulated as follows:

1. Miss Eliza Weatherly, one of the most beautiful actresses in New York. She died.

2. Mrs. Nella Poase, the "belle" of Buffalo, New York, who had been previously married to a doctor in that city. She obtained a divorce.

3. Miss Maxine Elliott, another of America's most celebrated stage beauties. He obtained a divorce on the grounds of desertion.

4. Miss Edna Goodrich, an actress of considerable charm and ability. She divorced Mr. Goodwin.

5. Miss Margaret Morehead, another well-known actress. She married Mr. Goodwin in 1913.

With Mr. Nat Goodwin at his death, says a Central News New York message, was Miss Georgia Gardner, a twenty-three-year-old actress, who, according to report, was about to become the famous actor's sixth wife.

NEWS ITEMS.

A new National Restaurant has been opened at Balham Baths.

Demobilised.—Up to January 30, 21,955 officers and 965,579 other ranks have been demobilised.

More Butter.—From New Zealand 46,000 boxes of butter and 37,500 casks have arrived in London.

Aeroplane for Canada.—Fifteen aeroplanes, contributed through the Overseas Club and Patriotic League, will be handed to the Canadian military authorities next Tuesday by Major-General Seely.

BATON CHARGES IN THE GLASGOW STRIKE RIOTS

"NO ONE DARED SAY IT TO MY FACE."

Gen. Townshend and the Kut Prisoners.

SECRETS OF SIEGE.

General Townshend told several hundreds of repatriated soldiers at Norwich yesterday how he had helped to force Turkey to sue for peace. He also answered criticisms of his conduct of the campaign which had embittered him. Many of the men he addressed had served under him at Kut.

He said he had seen the book written by Mr. Candler, the correspondent with the Kut relief forces.

Mr. Candler found fault with him and declared that he miscalculated the amount of provision at his command and that he had commanded that he had been most right and sooner than would really have been necessary.

This was stated to be the cause of the failure of the relief force.

He was a better judge of circumstances than Mr. Candler, who was not in Kut on Christmas Day when the Turks entered the fort and were driven out by a handful of Norfolk and Oxford.

He was only able to hold out as long as he did by finding buried grain.

TURK TRIBUTE.
Another thing that had embittered him. It had been said that while he was well treated by the enemy, he did not care what became of his men.

He asked those present if he was the man to do that. (Cries of "No.") No soldier had said it. Nobody had ever dared say it to his face.

He was told by the Turks that his defence of Kut had been as good as that of Plevna.

He was treated with the greatest honour at Constantinople, but was closely watched, for he refused to give his parole.

All letters he endeavoured to send and all sent to him were burned.

All the trouble was caused by German officers, who did all they could to make reconciliation between the Turks and the English utterly impossible.

The Turk was a clean fighter and a sportsman, and the cruelties that were practised were inspired by the Germans.

TRIED TO ESCAPE.
At the time he knew nothing of the horrors that happened on the march. In the end, however, he managed to shorten the captivity of the men and helped to bring about peace.

Having failed the third time to escape, he set to work to upset the Turkish Government, although had he been found out he would have been shot. Enver Pasha's Government was overthrown, and the next day the new Government sent him and asked him to help them.

He promised to do so if they would at once set him free, open the Dardanelles to England, liberate the British prisoners of war and undertake that the Black Sea Fleet should not come through the Bosphorus. He got all these promises in half an hour.

POWERS DECIDE THE FATE OF THE HUN COLONIES.

Right of Choice for Capable Peoples—Others Under League.

PARIS, Friday.
According to information derived from a French diplomatic source, the Committee of ten representatives of the Great Powers again decided yesterday afternoon to sit down to the examination of the colonial problem.

The entire discussion again revolved around President Wilson's plan, which consists of transferring the territorial sovereignty of the German Colonies to the League of Nations and of conferring on such and such a State a mandate to administer such and such a colony under international control.

Mr. Lloyd George announced that the British War Cabinet supported this theory of President Wilson. The representatives of the British Dominions, however, protested energetically.

CHOICE OF POPULATIONS.
Finally an agreement was reached that nations should have the right to govern themselves; those incapable of governing themselves to have the protectorate of the League of Nations.—Rector.

The delegates of the Great Powers who are to proceed to Poland were introduced to state the conclusions which they had reached regarding the provision of the League of Nations for the settlement of the question by the Conference.

On Monday there will be a sitting of the Committee on International Labour Legislation.

Riot Act Read and Snatched—Two Strike Leaders Arrested—Over 40 People Hurt.

MILITARY GUARDS ARRIVE IN CITY.

The grave development in the Clyde strike, as reported in *The Daily Mirror* yesterday, has been dramatically fulfilled.

Fierce rioting broke out and big crowds of strikers were charged by foot and mounted police with drawn batons. Over forty people were injured.

The Riot Act was read and snatched away. The sheriff, who read the Act, and the chief constable were injured. Two strike leaders, William Gallagher and David Kirkwood, were arrested.

Several more baton charges were made by the police last night, stones were thrown, and many windows in the chief streets smashed. Later matters quietened down.

During the night military guards with steel helmets arrived at Queen-street Station and marched to temporary quarters.

SHOWER OF BOTTLES IN THE MELEE.

Police Chief Injured as Well as Sheriff.

From Our Own Correspondent.

GLASGOW, Friday.

Thirty persons, including Chief Constable Stevenson and Superintendent Mennie, were injured yesterday in a riot at Glasgow.

Since Monday the strike has been in operation throughout the Clyde valley for enforcement of the forty-hour week.

This morning thousands of young artisans marched to George-square to hear from Lord Provost Stewart Mr. Bonar Law's reply to their message.

A collision with the police, many of whom were mounted, occurred later, owing, it is said, to an attempt by some strikers to stop the tramway traffic. Bottles, rivets and stones were freely thrown.

With truncheons drawn, the police dashed among the men and quickly cleared a way. The police avoided striking opponents on the head, laying on heavy blows upon arms and legs.

Before this determined attack the strikers fled. Time and again, however, charges by the police seemed necessary, and they were made with spirit.

So critical did matters appear at one stage that Sheriff Mackenzie went out into the street and read the Riot Act.

As he was doing so more missiles were thrown, and one bold hand snatched the document from him. He was slightly injured by a missile.

SOLDIER DEFIES MOB.

The first outbreak was due to an attempt to hold up the tramway-cars. The woman driver in the foremost tramway-car was compelled to pull up. A band of strikers seized the trolley-pole and pulled it off the live wire.

A young soldier in khaki jumped over the rear platform, replaced the trolley, tied the rope securely to the brass pole, and, extending his arms across the breadth of the platform, defied the strikers to board the car.

For a few seconds the crowd passed, but ultimately turned their attention to the front platform, where the woman driver was jeered and hooted.

KIRKWOOD FELL BY BATON.
Two dozen police were in the vicinity, and they endeavoured to clear a passage, but were roughly jostled. A few missiles were thrown, and as the crowd became more menacing an order was given to draw batons.

Dipped to Payment.—This was the signal for an ugly rush at the constables, who then laid about vigorously. Several persons dropped to the pavement, several dripping with blood.

At this juncture a strong contingent of police, including about a dozen mounted officers, came upon the scene. Drawing batons, they joined in the attack and cleared the mob from the front of the city chambers.

Scores of strikers who had perched on the top of the Gladstone and other monuments were forcibly ejected.

While a strike delegation, including Councilor Shinwell and Mr. Neil Maclean, M.P. for Govan, were waiting in the City Chambers to see the Lord Provost, signs of rioting were heard.

The delegates saw the police draw batons, whereupon Mr. Shinwell and his colleagues rushed into the Lord Provost's room and hotly protested against what was happening outside was a breach of the compact.

The Lord Provost replied that he was not free at the moment, whereupon the delegation hurried downstairs out to the square and were caught in the melee.

Kirkwood ran out and held up his hands, apparently appealing for order while he would address the crowd.

He got only a few yards when he was mixed up in a rowdy crowd, where the police were using their batons, and Kirkwood received a stroke on the head which felled him. He was then seized and taken inside the building.

Gallagher, who had remained outside while the delegation were in the chambers, was addressing a crowd from the plinth of the Gladstone statue when he, too, was caught in the seething mob and injured. He was subsequently arrested. It was now hoped that the worst was over, but the wildest period followed.

Shortly after the sound of a brass band approaching was heard above the din, and next minute it swung into the square, followed by at least ten thousand more strikers, who had been delayed on route from the outlying districts.

News of this augmented force was communicated to the Lord Provost, who, with the sheriff, the town clerk and chief constable, were in waiting upstairs. So threatening did the situation become that the sheriff and the Lord Provost decided to proceed out to the square, the sheriff carrying with him a copy of the Riot Act.

A strong posse of police acted as a body-guard, and as the front had been cleared, the legal and civic officials were easily observed from all corners.

DRAMA IN THE SQUARE.

Ordeal of the Civic Officials and the Lord Provost.

Jeering and hooting greeted the party, who were then joined by Mr. Maclean, M.P. The latter plucked with the Lord Provost to liberate the arrested strike leaders or to withdraw the police with drawn batons, as a sobering measure.

This was refused, and the Lord Provost and sheriff waited on minutes, watching the crowd surging to and fro. At this period the band arrived, and amid cries of "Keep on, boys," the instrumentalists proceeded on past the entrance to the buildings.

The police were brushed aside. Another baton charge was ordered, and this was replied to by a full cry of hooliganism. Bands of men had seized upon a passing lorry loaded with bottles, and these were commandeered and hurled wholesale at the police.

The sheriff then intimated that he had no alternative but to read the Riot Act.

Standing in the centre of the thoroughfare and confronting the mob, he produced the document and proceeded to read the legal warning.

He had uttered only a few words when a band of strikers rushed forward and attempted to drag the paper from his hands.

The document was torn, but the sheriff retorted the phraseology, during which he was struck violently on the right hand by a bottle, which had been deliberately thrown at him.

CHIEF CONSTABLE HIT.
Stopping only for a second, his lordship resumed, but next minute a man rushed forward and struck a stinging blow at Captain Stevenson, the chief constable.

Captain Stevenson reeled, as his right cheek was badly cut, but held to his post.

His deputy, Mr. Mennie, was the next victim, and then Inspector Swann, while the town clerk, Sir John Lindsay, was kicked.

Indeed, the only member of the party who escaped bodily injury was Lord Provost Stewart, who, however, was severely shaken by the surging mob.

Having read the whole document amid a hail of missiles, which included whole and broken bottles, many of which had been looted from another Glasgow street, the Lord Provost returned inside the City Chambers.

Meantime there was something akin to a reign of terror in the square, but gradually the police gained the upper hand.

Another Glasgow street was being either led or carried into the chambers, the corridors of which looked like a military hospital after a battle.

"MARCH OFF FOR GOD'S SAKE."

Arrested Leaders' Appeal from Window.

TRAMCARS SMASHED.

The incident of the address by the arrested leaders in the Glasgow strike is described as follows:—

Mr. Maclean, M.P. for Govan, asked the authorities to allow Kirkwood and Gallagher to address the strikers from a window.

Arrangements were being made for calling out military assistance, but, as the result of the decision to let the captured leaders speak from the window, the order was cancelled.

Accompanied by the chief constable, still bleeding and other officers, the two men under arrest appeared at the open window.

They were allowed two minutes each. Gallagher spoke first. He was greeted with great cheering.

"Keep order," he shouted. "You understand it has been a very unfortunate occurrence."

"We appeal to you to keep order and get on the march away from the square for your own sake."

"We are all right. Don't trouble yourselves one little bit about us. You are only troubling us. You are only to march away from the square."

"Some discharged soldiers will lead you to Glasgow Green or elsewhere, where the situation can be discussed."

"Get into order and march off, for God's sake. Are you going to do that much for us?" (Cries of "Yes.")

Kirkwood declared: "It is in the interests of yourselves that you men should go away from the square."

"WE APPEAL TO YOU."
"We appeal to you to do that. The time is inopportune for you to do anything else. Don't do anything, fellow workmen. Be advised at the moment to leave George-square, and we will see what will happen later on."

Mr. Maclean also appealed to the men to march from the square.

Thereafter Gallagher and Kirkwood were conveyed to the Central Police Office, while a large section of the strikers dispersed and other marched to the Green and various centres.

Gallagher and Kirkwood were charged with inciting to riot.

En route scenes of disorder broke out after repeated attempts were made to hold up tram service. These were partially successful, and for two hours more the crowds were engaged either damaging trams, smashing windows or looting shops.

At Paisley-road West a mob attacked a jeweller named Hunter, felled him to the ground and looted his shop, a stock valued at over £2,000 being stolen.

Tobacco Stock Stolen.—At Renfield-street a tobacconist's shop was similarly dealt with, and the stock looted.

Tramcars Wrecked.—Fully two dozen tramcars were so damaged and smashed that they had to be withdrawn from service.

STRIKERS WANT GRANT.

£1,500 Demand to Leith and Edinburgh.

Two thousand strikers marched in procession yesterday to Waverley Market, Edinburgh.

Mr. R. Foulis, on behalf of the strike committee, said they were going to ask the Edinburgh Corporation for a grant of £1,000 for strike funds and Leith and Glasgow for £500.

A cheque for £1,000 was refused, and any unconstitutional act happened, the responsibility would rest on those who refused to give their assistance.

Strikers' demands for non-payment of rent were attempted they should follow Glasgow's example, and mass in front of the house.

In London there are 12,000 ship-repairers on strike between London Bridge and Tilbury Docks; they are out for 15s. a week.

LONDON ENGINEERS.

There were noisy scenes, says an agency, at a meeting of members of the London and district branches of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers at the Central Hall last night, called to consider what action should be taken with regard to the forty-hour week.

An amendment declaring for an "immediate general strike" was lost by a large majority, and a resolution declaring a general strike to begin on February 6 was agreed to, but proceedings closed with the singing of "The Red Flag."

Another agency says that at the close of the meeting it was informed that a resolution in favour of a forty-hour week was agreed to, but another resolution to stop work in order to enforce the adoption of the forty-hour week was defeated. The meeting refused to agree to any stoppage of work at present.

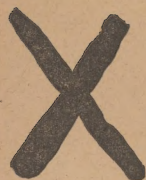
Do not Miss To-morrow's

SUNDAY·PICTORIAL

Which will contain the
following brilliant Articles :—

DON'T KILL THE GOOSE!

A Stirring Call to Labour, by

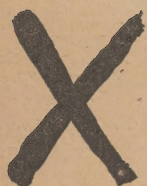


HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

THINGS WE MUST DO QUICKLY.

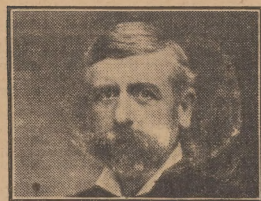
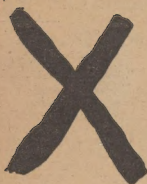
By JOHN ALBION,

Who protests against the many official delays which
mark the transitional stage from War to Peace.



SHOULD BRITAIN GO "DRY"?

The Case For and Against Prohibition, by



Dr. ARTHUR SHADWELL.

Pages and Pages of Wonder-
ful and Exclusive Pictures.

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Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1919.

BREAKING THE MACHINE.

WHAT is it that the Clyde strikers and others were in effect saying to the Government, and therefore to all of us, yesterday?

This: "You must secure us our demanded forty hours' week, without wages reduction, immediately."

If not?

If not we take "direct action."

And what is direct action?

The attempt to "hold-up" the community by withholding its fundamental needs.

If that were done—done consistently, done extensively—what would be the result for the community, for all of us, and (amongst all) for Clyde workers as well?

A cutting short of the needs of life now slowly being restored after the danger of famine produced by the war. And a cutting short of supplies means immediately—can only mean—another consequence—Prices once more soar beyond reach of the worker.

It is indeed an iron circle and a round of folly.

For here are workers everywhere demanding higher wages to meet higher prices. And there (nearly everywhere) are workers taking "direct action" to force prices up to neutralise higher wages.

Yet better even than the higher wages to which Labour has a right and which it must secure would be the lower prices that would in some measure help to restore the pre-war purchasing price of money.

A liberal output, under steady social conditions, can only give us back something or all of that old abundance. We must produce the things before we can enjoy them.

Exactly the opposite course is prompted by the present mood of the Unions within Unions: the new quasi-secret conclaves who ignore the formerly recognised representatives of their own interests.

"Everything for ourselves then and that immediately. Everything from the community—for us. For the community—to make it able to pay us and prosper us? Nothing!"

Whatever view me may hold about the rights in this or that quoted case, few of us surely can believe that the method now adopted is the right one.

That method is simply the expression of a rapidly growing distrust, amongst perhaps a minority of workers, for any regularly constituted machinery for the consideration of rights and wrongs.

You appoint representatives, who have immense power so long as you support them. Councils, unions, bodies of experts exist to review grievances. Projects are on foot for permanent and even more skillfully devised machinery to sift and sort demands and answers, as between labour and capital. This method seems so to be agreed upon, by all concerned.

Then, another voice from within is raised demanding instant hearing.

And this voice tells us it will have nothing to do with recognised representatives. The predominant mood is a distrust of everybody recognised. The acknowledged men are but puppets to be set up and pelted—or ignored.

That is a threat of dissolution into warring atoms. The great machinery of our industrial life threatens to split up, wheel by wheel. Only when it realises itself as one will it function and bring material wealth as of old.

W. M.

IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 31.—The popular snapdragons (antirrhinum) are precious and decorative biennials that can be used with good effect in many positions. The new and richly coloured varieties may be massed in beds or grown in clumps down the perennial border. Since this plant flowers well in poor, dry soil, it should often be seen decking old walls and stony banks. If early flowers are required, seeds should now be sown in boxes of light soil placed in a greenhouse or warm frame. After germination has taken place give plenty of air, and later on prick out the young plants. E. F. T.

DO OUR BOYS MARRY THE RIGHT GIRLS?

A REPLY TO THE MOTHER WHO REGRETS HER SON'S CHOICE.

By A FATHER.

WHY does the boy always choose a wife for himself—and so often the wrong person?

"An Anxious Mother," writing to you on this theme, tells us that she "gathered a circle of feminine companionship" about her son—introduced him, in fact, to an array of paragons, beautiful, sometimes rich, and above all, good, and then—he married a Miss Tottie Lightfoot of his own choice.

As a parent, all my sympathies are with "Anxious Mother."

I feel for her more than for her boy—and if she really did introduce her son to all these charming young ladies with a view to matrimony, she is sincerely to be pitied in her disappointment.

But she must have been an exception to the general rule.

As far as my experience goes, mothers are

on the one particular favourite whom they secretly hope will be chosen, the mothers of my acquaintance leave their sons to make their own society; with the inevitable result that they choose someone who is not approved of by the family.

Then as to the kind of mother that *does* choose.

Whom does she choose?

"Why, Miss Crosseyes, of course. Such a dear. So sensible. No nonsense about her."

"A bit plain?" you suggest

"SHE IS SO GOOD!"

"Not at all. Besides, she's so good, you know." So a female of repellent aspect is produced whom John ignores.

As to the French system, to which "Anxious Mother" draws our attention—here I cordially agree with her. "They order these matters better in France."

But owing to the very fact that French parents possess a veto on a young son's marriage the more thought and care are taken to provide a suitable fiancée. A boy of the better class in France is generally introduced—in good time—to girls who are likely to be ap-

GIRLS IN BUSINESS.

HAVE THEY THE FACULTY OF CLOSE ATTENTION TO WORK?

THE CUP OF TEA.

WOMEN work differently from men. They can work hard, but dispersively. A chat, a cup of tea, a moment's pause—that is nothing to the business girl.

To a man it seems unjustifiable interruption to the working day. A WOMAN EMPLOYER.

THINKING OF MARRIAGE.

THE man in business who cannot say "No," to a woman is only one of few.

When a lady clerk asks for time "off" the majority of employers do not look at the lady "with a helpless stare."

Men say they are too busy.

As to a girl's heart not being in her business, only a very few girls take a real interest in their work, as most of them have at the back of their mind the idea that they will not always have to be in the business, as most of them hope that some time in the future they will marry and give up office work.

The women who are "getting on in years" and feel pretty certain that they will never enter into the bonds of matrimony are, it will be noticed, thoroughly interested in their work, and give their whole heart to it. A LADY CLERK.

"TOO CONSCIENTIOUS?"

E. R. SEEMS rather severe on her sex because they do not glue themselves to their work.

That is why girls as a whole resent the supervision of a woman in business.

Surely, when one comes to consider the fact that girl clerks and shorthand typists, for instance, spend all day and very often part of the evening in an office, there is nothing outrageous in a request now and again that she might leave early in order to get a little diversion.

Why, even employers themselves never work day in and day out without a break, and surely what is good for the employer is also good for the employee?

It is all rubbish, in my opinion, to say that a girl making such a request cannot have her mind on her work.

My experience is that girls, as a whole, in business have their minds too much on their work and are too conscientious. G. G.

FROZEN MEAT PRICES.

THERE seems to be a general impression that the British meat importing companies are to some extent responsible for the high prices ruling for imported frozen meat, and that large profits are being made by them.

We think it is only fair to the public as well as to the companies that the position should be clearly stated.

In the first place, the Government are the owners, and have been since 1914, of all Australasian meat, having bought it in Australia and New Zealand at a fixed price for a stated period, in order to secure supplies for the British Army as well as for the armies of our Allies.

In the second place, the surplus meat which is available for civil consumption is sold for and on behalf of the Government by the usual importing firms and agents on a commission basis at prices fixed by the Government.

Under these circumstances, all private dealing has ceased, and cannot be resumed until the Government gives permission; and the whole responsibility for the present high level of prices rests upon the Government alone.

THE BRITISH INCORPORATED SOCIETY OF MEAT IMPORTERS (A. Bargman, Acting Secretary).

15, West Smithfield, E.C.1.

SHORTER LETTERS.

Your cartoonist is quite right. Non-smokers get so saturated with tobacco from the smokers that they have actually to take cures for nicotine poisoning.—A SUFFERER.

Why do not smokers take nicotine tabloids instead? They would then not annoy non-smokers with their fumes.—LOGICAL.

The Germans, trying to stop the ruin of their country, catch and shoot people they call "Bolsheviks." Now, to stop the revolutionaries in Rome, throw those he caught to the lions. He called them "Christians."—PARALLEL.

May I suggest a reason why parsons are not in Parliament? The fear, on the part of the other members, that all their speeches will be sermons—and so long.—AN M.P.

"W. M." suggests "counter-waves" against the "waves of influenza and unrest." By all means. But will he not bid his biopic for the "wave" against influenza?—L. F.

LOVE'S ENTREATY.

If I leave all for thee, wilt thou exchange And be all to me? Shall I never miss Some talk and blessing and the common bias That comes to each in turn, nor count it strange, When I look up to drop on a new range Of walls and flowers?—another home, than this? Nay, wilt thou find that place by me which is Filled by dead eyes, too tender to know change? That's hardest! If to conquer love has tried, To conquer grief tries more;—as all things prove: For grief indeed is love, and grief beside. Alas, I have cried out, to conquer love has tried, Yet love me—wilt thou? Open thine heart wide, And fold within the wet wings of thy dove. —E. B. BROWNING.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

If thou hast not conquer'd thy self in that which is thy own particular weakness, thou hast no title to virtue, tho' thou art free of other men's.—William Penn.

NOT GIVING THE CONVALESCENT A CHANCE!



The policy of strikes is rough sport for the country just recovering from the wounds of a great war.—(By W. K. Haselden.)

divided into two classes—those who ignore the possibility of their sons ever marrying and those who definitely decide that they shall not marry at all.

We all know the first class.

"What! John get married. Why, he's only a baby! Besides, he's not the marrying sort!" and they dismiss the horrid idea from their minds.

If I were to suggest to any of the mothers I know that John was growing up: "One of these days he will be marrying, you know; isn't it about time you asked some nice girls to the house to meet him?" What would be their answer?

I put these questions—in a very timid and tentative manner—to a mother of four boys (all of them in the "magnetic age") the other day.

She looked horrified, and told me that "my boys will never leave their home and their mother—they are too happy and comfortable."

Every other mother's son—but not mine!

Thus, far from introducing their sons to as many nice girls as possible, with an eye

on the one particular favourite whom they secretly hope will be chosen, the mothers of my acquaintance leave their sons to make their own society; with the inevitable result that they choose someone who is not approved of by the family.

Then as to the kind of mother that *does* choose.

Whom does she choose? "Why, Miss Crosseyes, of course. Such a dear. So sensible. No nonsense about her."

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proved of him.

And as your contributor says, "Why not?"

It is just as likely to turn out well as a marriage of his choice.

At any rate, whether successful or not, in France they have a definite system, whereas here in England a policy of inaction is adopted, the inevitable is ignored, and the result is—Miss Tottie Lightfoot!

I might add one word.

Mothers feel irritated at the result of their failure in matchmaking.

They do not understand.

Let me advise them to look back upon their own youths. Did they choose the man their parents liked? Did they act from motives of prudence?

Let them answer truly and they will be less irritated with the younger generation of to-day.

They will remember that they, too chose, not as their parents wished, but as they wanted.

And sometimes they will admit that the choice was a very good one! A. W.

ARMADA BELL TO BE RUNG FOR PEACE.



Six old bells at Westminster Abbey are being restored for the peace rejoicings. One of these was rung to celebrate the victory over the Spanish Armada.

CAN TURN THEIR HANDS TO ANYTHING.



These munition girls have had considerable experience, and can now turn their hands to almost anything. They are here seen after cleaning a boiler.



KILLED.—Lt. J. H. Taylor, R.A.F., accidentally killed while flying. He brought down a Boche plane on armistice morning.



NAVAL FAMILY.—Miss J. E. Tupper, daughter of Admiral Sir Reginald Tupper. She is a motor driver in the W.R.N.S.



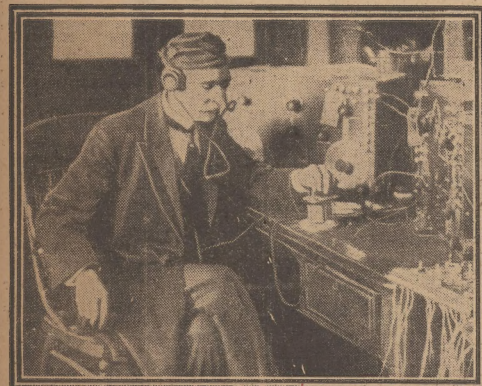
NEW USE FOR CRASHED AEROPLANES.—The "Comics," a concert party formed by men of an R.A.F. squadron, rehearsing a new production. They made the stage and fittings from crashed aeroplanes.



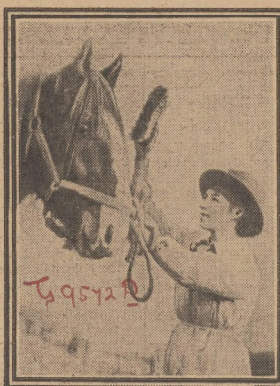
DOUBLE HONOURS.—Brigade-Maj. A. G. Allen, M.C., Staffordshire Regiment, whose D.S.O. has just been gazetted.



WAR WORKER.—Mrs. Anderson, wife of Lt. Col. C. Llewellyn Anderson, who has been working for prisoners of war.



UNDERSEAS WIRELESS.—James H. Rogers, the inventor of a wonderful underseas system of wireless telegraphy, which was put to good use by the Americans during the war.



IN CHARGE OF HORSES.—Land girl who looks after the animals. Women show special aptitude for this work.



TEA WITH BLUEJACKETS.—Lady Decies and the Countess of Granard with U.S. sailors at the Dublin Sailors' Home. Both Lady Decies and Lady Granard are Americans.

OUR NEED FOR POLICE IN THE CLOUDS.

FUTURE PROBLEMS OF THE "FREEDOM OF THE AIR."

By A CIVILIAN PILOT.

In this article the author suggests a system for the control of traffic in the skies.

THE aerial period will come with a rush! To-day we develop a horse-power that weighs only thirty ounces! We have planes that can reach a height of six miles and travel in the boundless blue at a hundred and fifty miles an hour.

Lastly, there is the big airship—the Mauretania of to-morrow, with grand saloons and smokerooms, and a lift up to the roof garden! New York, as you know, will be only a matter of thirty-six hours away from us. And we have mechanical and professional armies ready at a moment's notice to switch their uncanny knowledge from war-flying to the cloudland commerce of peace.

Already America has had "heavenly" postal service between Washington, Chicago and New York. Over here, syndicates are being formed; new companies are being registered in all countries. Britain—as London herself knows to her cost—is no longer an island.

There are at present no frontiers in the skies, no national or international laws.

Now, what rules of the road shall be framed for "up there"? How shall we restrain the joy-rider in his new yacht—bound, it may be, for the Polar wastes or Saharan Timbuctoo? How is the aerial omnibus to be identified, in case of accident or collision? Or the vast gas-bag sailing on its world cruise, with a capacity of a million cubic feet?

PROTECTION FOR GROUNDINGS.

Who is to protect the groundlings from things that fall, and from forced landings such as demolished suburban house the other day at Malden? Suppose the farmer's cows are killed by some missile let fall from the aerial traffic? Or the farmer himself? Already serious accidents of this kind have happened in crowded cities, and responsibility is hard to fix—indeed, thus far, impossible.

Then as to smuggling. Pet dogs and soldiers' mascots have been brought to England by air, and as a result over a hundred and twenty cases of rabies have appeared in our Southern counties. Yet that awful disease had been unknown since 1902.

Moreover, drugs and vicious dope have been surreptitiously brought into the country in the same way. Can you wonder at it, seeing the imperious craving of the drug-addict, and his (or her) eagerness to pay a sovereign a grain for cocaine—the "white idol" of our headlong civilisation?

All this points to the urgent need for sky-police, such as are provided for in the new code, of which Lord Weir has told us when he outlined the draft laws of the International Aerial Convention.

Here we face problems which baffle our ablest jurists. Yet they must be solved, for we can no more abolish the aerial age which is upon us than we can put back the clock of history and live again in thirteenth-century simplicity.

NEW YORK TO THE FORE.

What about aerial "trespass"? Are German mercantile planes to fly over Portsmouth Harbour, spying out the secrets of the new Vernon Torpedo School? And how shall we guarantee that foreign aerial fleets, engaged in peaceful commerce, may not instantly be converted into bombers, with swift and devastating results? The Allied Powers have all these matters well in hand. You may be sure that those pathways of the air will be well patrolled and rigid rules laid down for our national security.

New York City is already arranging a police force for the clouds with headquarters on Governor's Island in the bay. Seaplane patrols will watch the docks and harbours, instructing ship masters by the Colver wireless telephone. They will also break up ice-floes by means of special bombs and report fires—especially on dangerous vessels, such as those carrying explosives or oil.

These watchers of the skies will surely regulate our coming traffic of the air.

We shall have Customs stations and police centres along the ground, and on cloudland routes, which are now being mapped like the lanes of the sea, and must be strictly followed by navigators of the new element. Doubtless these police will be armed.

How strange it will seem, when officers of the A. or C. Division escort a prisoner down to the aerodrome, there to lay the charges, and haul the offending hawk before a new type of air-learned "beak"! F. G. W.

PASSING OF THE SPECIAL CONSTABLE.

THE LOYAL SERVICE OF THE BUSINESS MAN.

By ALFRED BARNARD.

THE special constable is to pass into reserve, to be called out only in the case of emergency.

I hope he may not vanish with his praises unsung.

At first he had no uniform, but faced the world—a somewhat critical and contemptuous world, I fear—with a badge and a sleeve band.

Some wore bowler hats, some straw hats; they were variously dressed in their own grey, brown or blue lounge suits.

In these early days they were the butt of the music-hall humorist, and, worse still, in some of the less enlightened quarters of London, they were "chipped" by the girls and assaulted with minor missiles by the hooligan.

Then somebody woke up somewhere and suggested official caps. Ah! To be sure!

Then, again, somebody woke up and clad the special in a uniform and issued him an overcoat.

From that moment he has been treated even by the most ignorant with respect.

The metropolitan policeman began to take him more to his heart.

A member of *The Daily Mirror* staff, for example, did one week of night duty in every three, and his hours worked out as follows: 9 a.m. arrive at office; 6 p.m. leave for home, a meal and change of clothes; 1.30 a.m. leave home for duty, reaching post at 2 a.m.; 6 a.m. off duty; 6.30 home for breakfast; 8.30 leave home for office; 9 a.m. office again.

Two nights a week his work kept him at the office until 11 p.m. This gave him only two hours' rest out of twenty-four.

But we never heard of a special constables' strike! Some strange things happened to specials on duty.

One, whose income from his own business was about five thousand a year, was given a tip of twopenny by a grateful farmer whom he directed from Charing Cross to London Bridge!

Another, also the proprietor of a big business, who was regulating food queues outside a Brixton butcher's shop, was rewarded at the end of his duty by a present of four sausages from the butcher.

In the Strand one evening a lady rushed up to a special and asked him to mind her dog.

She did not wait for him to consent, but pushed the leather lead, at the end of which was a sprightly fox terrier, into his hand.

She never returned.

The special took the dog home with him that night, in order to care for it.

He arrived home at midnight, and he went upstairs to tell his wife of his adventure.

When he came downstairs the dog was sitting on the dining-room table devouring the cold beef that was left for his supper.

A while ago a medal was presented to specials of over two years' service.

But it is not very popular, being much after the fashion of a reward presented to a good boy who had attended his Sunday school with praiseworthy regularity.

Before he passes into oblivion should not the country place on record in some pleasing form its appreciation of the special's work?



DEMOBILISATION IN ITALY.—The Earl of Cavan bids good-bye and good luck to the first batch to leave for "Blighty."

WHY IS IT WIVES DON'T STRIKE?

WHAT THE MEN WOULD DO IN OUR PLACE!

By Mrs. STANLEY WRENCH.

"STRIKES! I've no patience with strikes!" cried a harassed housewife in my hearing. "It's a pity wives don't strike and teach some of the menfolk a lesson."

She was trying to coax an antiquated kitchen range, accustomed to a plenitude of coal, into heating the oven and cooking the dinner with wood.

A strike was on, and the local coal merchant had informed her that until it was over he saw no possibility of getting further supplies.

His yard was empty. So was her cellar. "Well, why don't you strike?" I asked, as she straightened her back and sighed.

"Look at that kitchen range, for example. How many times do you have to stoop wearily to the oven door, how many times do you have to open that door to see whether your food is cooking properly or not? In the States, and in Canada, the cooking stove has a door of heavy, fireproof glass, and the oven is on a practical level with the eyes, so that no stooping is required."

"Don't tell me of these things," she cried impatiently. "I've heard of them till I'm tired. What's the use? It only makes me wild with envy when I hear of all the modern

conveniences, the labour-saving notions American wives have."

"You might have them," I told her. "What do men do when they cannot get what they want? They go on strike. Why don't wives strike?"

I know she thought I was talking utter nonsense, but, as a matter of fact, I was not merely joking.

To most men "time is money," and as a proof of this the man in his office, shop, or place of business seizes upon anything that will save him time and trouble.

Go into a well-equipped office and you will find countless up-to-date devices for systemising details and economising labour. Even the swivel chair in which he sits to work is so arranged to make for comfort, for the business man knows that to get the highest percentage of brain power he must look after his own personal well-being.

Yet women in their own homes are patiently plodding away with the same antiquated, wasteful, temper-provoking kitchen ranges and all the antediluvian domestic machinery of a generation ago. Time and talent are wasted every day in doing drudgery that might be alleviated, if not altogether obliterated. Why is it not done?

One reason may be urged that it is men who plan and build houses with all these dust-traps and out-of-date notions.

Also, it is generally a man who holds the purse strings,

M. S. W.

DRUGS IN BOOKS AND IN REAL LIFE.

TRIALS THAT CALL ATTENTION TO A GREAT EVIL.

By Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES.

The author of "The Lodger" recounts past instances in fact or fiction of dramatic cases connected with the use of drugs.

A RECENT celebrated example is once more calling public attention to the prevalence and evil of drug-taking.

It is always so.

The thing goes on. It increases. It is surreptitiously known and spoken of. Then comes a famous trial.

Everybody is at once agog and everybody is shocked. Yet little is done because in most cases little can be done. The drug-takers will find what they want somehow! So the sensation dies out and the thing continues. It has been said of late that much modern crime is "prompted" by the dreadful habit.

As one who has long studied crime in all its aspects, I think this is an over-statement.

It is a curious fact that drugs have not played (hitherto) much part in either fiction or crime—in the "sensations" of life or in sensational fiction based on life. There are startling exceptions. But they only prove the rule.

To begin with, romance, which has, or should have, its roots deep in human nature (for, as Mr. Arnold Bennett so often tells us, there is nothing so romantic as life itself), by far the finest imaginative study of the drug habit may be found in Mr. Robert Hichens' novel "Felix."

FAMOUS CASES.

In this story we have a marvellous picture of two women, cleverly contrasted types, each a morphia-maniac.

French literature, too, contains novels of this type.

Now as to crime. Considering that this type of drug—opium, morphia, morphine, cocaine and the prettily-named nepenthe and heroin—all cause death if taken in sufficient quantity—often a very small quantity—it is a strange fact that drugs have so far played a very small part in our criminal annals.

I can only recall one great case célèbre in which a drug—in that case chloroform—played a part, and the woman then tried for her life—Adelaide Bartlett, was acquitted.

There are few stranger and more romantic stories of real life than that of the young Frenchwoman who married an English grocer in the last quarter of the nineteenth century and who was tried for her husband's murder in the spring of 1886.

The case aroused an extraordinary amount of interest, and the great legal giants of those days, notably the late Lord Russell of Killowen and Sir Edward Clarke, played prominent parts in the case.

THERE IS NO RETREAT.

With regard to the drug chloroform, which undoubtedly caused the death of Mr. Bartlett, it is an amazing fact that it had never once before appeared in a murder trial, and only a very few times had it been used by would-be suicides. It was admitted during the case that the very act of swallowing chloroform would cause dreadful irritation, and very acute inflammation as to certainly make the person who had taken it scream out.

So true is this that, as Sir Edward Clarke pointed out, till the death of Mr. Bartlett it had been thought impossible to administer chloroform in a liquid form internally at all.

Sir Edward Clarke, in his speech, made it clear that the unhappy man had deliberately killed himself in the hope that his then wife might marry a man to whom he was himself fondly attached, and to whom in a curious document he had "made her over" in the event of his death!

The other case célèbre, in which a drug—veronal—played a predominant part occurred within very recent years, and will be remembered under the name of "The Hove Mystery."

Then, a young man took larger quantities of veronal than anyone had believed possible for a man to take and live!

This is a very curious fact.

Nature habituates herself to the drug, as readers of De Quincey will remember. The classical King Mithridates got his body used to actual poison in the same way.

But sooner or later the structure collapses and the poison conquers! It is a way from which there is no retreat.

The fact that these great revelations of celebrated trials bring the tragedy out is one thing in their favour. They are, in their way, the best available deterrent against drugs!

MARIE BELLOC LOWNDES.

WOMEN'S GRATITUDE TO THE ZOUAVES.



Presentation of a flag to the famous Zouave Regiments at Strasbourg.—(French official.)



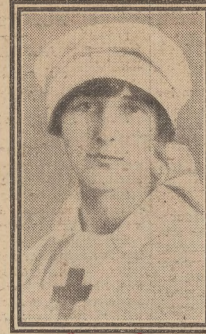
A girl (wearing national dress) with the flag.

Throughout the war the Zouaves held back the Germans in Alsace and Lorraine, and often defeated them. Now the women of the two provinces have given them a flag.



A.C.'s APPEAL TO CLERGY.—Serjeant Sullivan, who urges the Irish priesthood "to unite in the suppression of the criminal confederacy of secret societies."

A NURSE.



P20418
Miss Nestor Parker, who has nursed in Perth, Liverpool and London. She is a niece of the Right Hon. C. S. Parker, at one time M.P. for Perth.

FARMER'S OLD-F



Lord Powerscourt is an accomplished



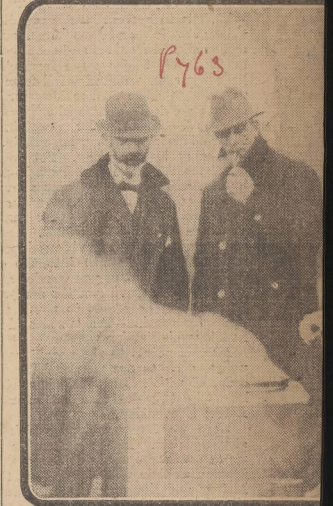
COVERED WITH EFFICIENCY BADGES.—British girl guides who have gone to Paris in connection with the Peace Conference. Paris has taken them to its heart.



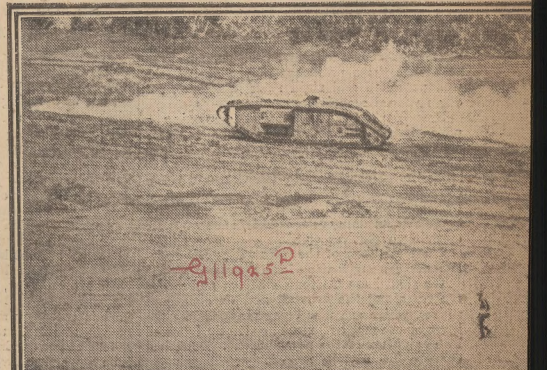
PROFITEERING IN SOFIA.—Would-be buyers looked glum when asked £16 for this goose. This is a sample of the prices in the Bulgarian capital.



P19408
WAR NURSE.—Mrs. H. C. Butcher, who nursed at the Duchess of Rutland's hospital. She is the wife of Lt.-Col. Cecil Butcher, D.S.O.



Lord Powerscourt, interested in a port
The Irish farmer still prefers the horse
match held near Enniskerry.



ESCORTING A CONVOY OF INFANTRY.—A remarkable British official p
destroyers. In this way they hid the attacking v



P152515
IN OPPOSITION.—Sir Donald Maclean, M.P., who will, it is expected, be leader of the Opposition in the new Parliament.



P20418
AWARDED K.B.E.—Col. Sir Thomas A. Felson, C.M.G., Chief Inspector of Clothing, Royal Army Clothing Department.

FASHIONED IDEAS WAR WORK ONE-LEGGED STROKE IN JESUS CREW.



ghman, and drove his own motor.



control motor which was crushing wheat.
and there was only one tractor at the
belonged to Lord Powerscourt.



just published, showing how tanks throw out smoke screens, just like
as the T.B.D. hid our food ships from the pirates,



P20350
Miss Juanita Peirse, daughter of
Admiral Sir Richard Peirse, who
has been placed on the retired
list at his own request. She was
an enthusiastic war worker.



Sept 128 0
Jesus College first crew off for a trial spin. It is their first time out.



P210002
BRUSSELS BECOMING NORMAL AGAIN. War widows among the customers in the
fish market. Living remains tremendously dear, and shopping is a great problem.



P20413
OFFICER'S BRIDE.—Mrs.
Bignold, recently married to
Captain Bignold, son of the
late Mr. C. A. Bathurst Big-
nold, J.P., D.L.



P20214
A BRIGHTON CEREMONY.—Lord Leconfield pre-
sentering the O.B.E. to Mr. Reynolds, who subdued
a fire at a sawmills at Littlehampton.



P201331
FOR WAR SERVICE.—
Vice-Admiral F. S. Miller,
upon whom the Order of
the Bath has been con-
ferred.



P5574
GENERAL DEAD.—Maj.-
Gen. Sir Sam Steele, who
has just died. He formerly
commanded the Canadian
troops at Shorncliffe.



Mr. McArthur, Jesus College, one-legged stroke.
The Cam is beginning to look like itself again, the various
college crews having started in earnest. Mr. McArthur lost
his leg in the war.



P151010
HONOUR FOR ARCTIC EXPLORE.—Admiral Peary and
Mr. Stetansson at Stockholm, where the latter received the
Hubbard gold medal awarded by the Geographic Society.

WHO SUPPLIED MISS BILLIE CARLETON WITH DRUGS?

Prosecution Alleges That It Was De Veulle.

COCAINE PROFITS.

What Was Found in "Dorothy" Bag Belonging to Dead Actress.

(Continued from page 2.)

"If you are satisfied," counsel continued, "that the drug was supplied unlawfully and with gross negligence—that Billie Carleton administered to herself the dose which she did not intend to take her life, but which did take her life, the person who supplied it is, in my submission, clearly guilty of the crime of manslaughter."

The urgent question before the magistrate was who did supply that drug to Billie Carleton and the case for the prosecution was that the prisoner was the person who supplied it. The habits of the deceased woman with regard to cocaine were very material, and her connection with de Veulle in regard to cocaine, obviously, was also material.

THE "PRINCIPAL WITNESS."

Belcher's Evidence, Says Counsel, "Would Require Corroboration."

One of the principal witnesses, if not the principal witness, who would be called on the part of the Crown, was a man named Lionel Belcher.

"He says he is a film actor," said counsel, "but he was an accomplice, if his story is true, of de Veulle in the supply of cocaine unlawfully, but whether he knew it was for Billie Carleton or not is perhaps open to question. He has himself admitted that he told lies upon oath before the coroner and he, being the principal witness and these being some of the things he admits about himself, he is obviously a person with regard to whose evidence you, or any other Court before which this matter must come, would require corroboration."

"There is in my submission ample corroboration forthcoming with regard to many of the material facts in his evidence affecting this case."

"He has said that he himself introduced de Veulle to Billie Carleton at her flat in Long Acre some date about September last."

"I judge from his later evidence that that statement is not true, and when they became acquainted with each other is not quite clear." According to Belcher, he met de Veulle at the house of an Egyptian named Kimfull at Notting Hill Gate on an occasion last year when de Veulle and Billie Carleton came there at one o'clock in the morning and asked Kimfull for cocaine. It appeared that it was Billie Carleton who asked for the cocaine.

According to a second statement of Belcher, that was where he met de Veulle and Billie Carleton, at this house of the Egyptian at Notting Hill, where cocaine was procured.

100 PER CENT. PROFIT.

"Four Different Sources From Which Belcher Says He Got Cocaine."

Belcher seemed to have got cocaine from a number of different places, all of them, of course, unlawful sources.

He got some from a Scotsman living somewhere in Carrington-square. He got some from a Chinese in Lancelush, called Joe Fing. He got some from Kimfull at Notting Hill, and also from a chemist named Woolldridge, at Solihull-square. There were four different sources from which Belcher says he got cocaine, and all of them were unlawful.

De Veulle, according to Belcher, complained to Belcher of the quality of the cocaine which was obtained from the Chinese.

He complained that it was adulterated and weakened, and I read, and he could get him some that was stronger.

Belcher promised to do so, and in fact got some from the chemist Woolldridge, who was the man who supplied it to Kimfull.

Having got the cocaine, Belcher sold it to de Veulle in three of four lots at 45 a time.

If Belcher was right in saying it was four lots he made a profit of 100 per cent., as he only paid £10 for the cocaine thus obtained.

NOT A DRUG SLAVE.

"Another witness," continued counsel, "which you may or may not think is an accomplice, is a film actress named Olive Richardson, who has been living with Belcher as his wife for the past two years."

She is a single woman, she appears to have taken drugs, but does not appear to be the slave of the drug habit which some of the other persons named are.

She has seen Billie Carleton take the cocaine at Belcher's flat on a floor at the top of the House, 10, Dovedale-road.

She had seen de Veulle taking cocaine in the same place. She had not seen them taking cocaine in each other's presence.

She was, she said, at Kimfull's when, according to Belcher, de Veulle and Billie Carleton went there, and Billie Carleton asked Kimfull for cocaine.

"Another very important witness is Miss Longfellow, a film actress, with regard to whom

I know of nothing to suggest that she is not a perfectly trustworthy person."

"I have no evidence to suggest for a moment that she is an accomplice. Therefore, if you accept her evidence, there is important corroboration of material parts of the evidence of Belcher and Olive Richardson."

Another occasion on which Miss Longfellow had a conversation with de Veulle was on November 12—armistice night.

Miss Longfellow said to de Veulle: "It is a sin for you to give her cocaine" (referring to Billie Carleton) de Veulle replied: "I have been giving her very little lately, and I am not going to give her any more."

"There you have," continued counsel, "a clear statement by a witness, which is put before you as entirely trustworthy, by de Veulle."

"It is a statement that he had been in the habit of giving Billie Carleton cocaine and a promise not to abstain from giving her any in the future."

Another witness was a young married woman named Mary Hicks.

She was sent by de Veulle in the month of July or August to a Scotsman with £15 to get some cocaine, and she got a square packet. That £5, according to her, was supplied by Billie Carleton, two or three pounds on the night before she went and the balance on the day she was supplied with the cocaine.

ILL IN THE DOCK.

Court Adjourns to Enable De Veulle to "Recover Himself."

At this juncture Mr. Huntley Jenkins said that his client was in a very bad state of health, and it had been very doubtful whether he would be able to come to the court that day.

He said that he might be allowed to leave the court for a few minutes to recover himself. Permission was granted, and the proceedings were suspended for a few minutes.

Miss Veulle remained out of court for about five minutes. On his return he staggered slightly. On entering the dock he sat down in the corner and huddled himself up in his overcoat.

Sir Richard Muir, continuing, said that the box of cocaine which was brought back by McGinty to the Savoy was brought back in the presence of Billie Carleton, who, looking at the small quantity there was for £5, said: "this is daylight robbery."

McGinty said that the time after time she brought money from Billie Carleton to de Veulle, and the question would be what that money was for.

De Veulle was the man who designed her dresses. He was in the employment of a firm, and it was the firm who were the creditors of Billie Carleton for her dresses.

"As far as I have been able to learn," continued counsel, "Hockleys were never paid for the dresses. The money was brought back by McGinty on account of the money Billie Carleton owed for dresses."

"WHAT MCGINTY SAW."

"Repeatedly Seen Him Sniffing a White Powder Up His Nose."

The inference I will ask you to draw on this point is that the money in large quantities supplied by Billie Carleton, handed to McGinty, and in turn handed by her to de Veulle, was money supplied by Billie Carleton to de Veulle for the purpose of procuring cocaine for both of them.

"McGinty, the servant of de Veulle," said counsel, "had repeatedly seen him sniffing a white powder up his nose, a powder which she had no doubt was cocaine."

There were three dates which were very important in McGinty's evidence. Some time before November 12, which was the date on which the Victory Ball took place at the Albert Hall, de Veulle told Belcher he must have some cocaine for the Victory Ball.

On November 23, at four o'clock in the afternoon, he gave McGinty some instructions for the purpose of her procuring cocaine. He told her to send a telegram and she did so.

The telegram was timed 5.35 p.m. and was addressed to Belcher at Flat 3, 115, Great Portland-street, his Savoy Hotel. "Meet me 9.30 outside Cafe Royal," McGinty."

De Veulle gave McGinty the substance of that telegram and told her she was to get some "coc" for him.

Counsel remarked that he supposed "coc" was obviously a contraction for cocaine.

De Veulle, he continued, wrote two letters one to Billie, the other to Belcher, and gave her instructions to take the one for Billie to the stage-door at the Haymarket and get £5 from her.

She was not to go to the dressing-room, but to ask whether she was to go back.

She said she understood that to mean go back with cocaine. If she got the £5 she was to take it to Belcher outside the Cafe Royal at 9.30 to get the cocaine, and if her instructions were to take it back, she was to take it to Billie, but she was not to take it to the stage-door.

McGinty took the letter to the stage-door and the reply that she received was that she was not to go back.

She then went away, giving £5 to Belcher and getting £5 from him in a silver box containing cocaine.

She took it to de Veulle, who opened it, and she saw that it was a white powder. De Veulle said: "That is a very little for £5."

Very day he instructed McGinty to send another telegram in exactly the same words. On this occasion he had no money and when Belcher met her he had no cocaine with him and asked her to go to his flat for it.

She refused to do that, and it was arranged that she should go the following morning.

She accordingly went at ten o'clock next morning and found Belcher and Miss Richardson in bed. Belcher gave her a square packet of paper with a capital letter on the outside of it, which McGinty thought was either "B" or "C."

She told Belcher that de Veulle would send the money next day. She took it back to de Veulle, who said that it was rather more than she got the night before.

She was very anxious to measure it by turning out the contents of the silver box and putting the contents of the fresh supply in.

Having done so, he said: "It is more than we got last night."

At two o'clock, which was before the matinee, Billie Carleton returned, and that message was given her. She at once ordered a taxi and went away.

MESSAGE OVER THE 'PHONE.

"McGinty sent that telephone message, and it was received by Billie Carleton's maid, Mary Booker. About three-quarters of an hour later Booker received another message on the telephone from de Veulle himself, whose voice she was quite familiar with."

"De Veulle said: 'Tell Miss Carleton on her return I have a note for her, and if she will come round before the matinee I will give it to her.'"

"At two o'clock, which was before the matinee, Billie Carleton returned, and that message was given her. She at once ordered a taxi and went away."

"There seems to be no doubt that she went to Hockleys, because a young woman named Lillian Saunders, one of de Veulle's staff, saw Billie Carleton there."

Taking these three dates together, you have the evidence of cocaine by de Veulle, the first lot paid for by Billie Carleton and intended for her, at least, part of it."

"You have the two telephone messages of the day showing de Veulle's anxiety that he should get into personal communication with Billie Carleton that day before the Victory Ball took place, and you have the visit of Billie to Hockleys when she said he had a note for her."

"Whether she got it then or later was not clear, but there was abundant opportunity for de Veulle to have given it then."

BILLIE'S DOROTHY BAG.

Box in Which Was Found "a Large Quantity of Cocaine."

At six o'clock that evening Billie Carleton returned to her rooms, had tea and went to bed for three-quarters of an hour, and at 7.30 o'clock left again for the theatre.

At 8.10, while the play was still going on, Miss Carleton sent her dresser to telephone to her maid at Savoy Court to bring her the gold box.

Miss Booker, the maid, found the box on the dressing-table, and on looking into it thought it was empty.

She took it to the theatre, where she (Baxter) put it into the Dorothy bag which belonged to Miss Carleton, and it was in that Dorothy bag it was found after Miss Carleton's death with a large quantity of cocaine in it.

At half-past eleven Miss Carleton left the theatre for the ball.

She went with Miss Fay Compton, and they had some supper at Dr. Stuart's house at Knightsbridge and arrived at the ball about 12.30.

THE VICTORY BALL.

Miss Billie Carleton had one dance with Dr. Stuart, and after that she seemed to have spent the most of her time in the box of a lady or singing the songs in the station."

The box was on the ground floor, and she sat there where she could shake hands with anybody in front who passed by.

De Veulle was there, and he had cocaine in his possession, because he retired in order to take a pinch of it, and whether he supplied Billie Carleton with cocaine then, or whether it was done at Hockley's, he (counsel) would only observe that he had ample time to do it then.

He was seen with her, but was not seen to pass anything to her.

They left the ball at three o'clock in the morning; a number of people went in the taxis, cabs being very hard to get, and among them were Miss Billie Carleton, Dr. Stuart and Miss Olive Richardson.

They dropped people at their houses, and Belcher, Richardson and Billie Carleton went on to the Savoy.

"A GOOD SNIFF."

What Dead Actress Is Said to Have Said at the Savoy.

At the Savoy Billie Carleton spoke of Mrs. de Veulle being jealous of her in connection with her friendship or relationship, whatever it might have been, with de Veulle, and she had taken a good sniff of the cocaine.

She was quite cheerful, and she put on some of the jewellery which had been redeemed the day before, and then went on to the rooms of Mrs. Egerton Castle, who was staying in Savoy Court, in order that she might see Mrs. Castle's dress which she had worn for the ball.

She was away about a quarter of an hour, and then came back, but they stayed talking there.

They had breakfast, and Billie Carleton got into bed while they were there, and they left her in bed at six o'clock in the morning.

The next thing we knew about her, said counsel, was when Mary Booker found her in bed in the way already described.

On Friday, the day after Billie Carleton died, Inspector Currie was making inquiries with regard to her death, and incidentally he inter-viewed de Veulle, not in connection with Billie Carleton's death at all, but in connection with de Veulle's nationality.

De Veulle's name was French, and he police was quite satisfied that he was an dis a British subject.

On the way in the cab, although nothing had been said about Billie Carleton, de Veulle's said: "I thought it was about Billie Carleton. That is why I was so much upset."

Later he said: "She was at lunch at my place last Wednesday, and I visited her in her box at the Victory Ball."

Whether he made those statements if they were not true, unless he was apprehensive of what would happen to him in connection with the supply to Billie Carleton of drugs, it is difficult to know.

It is quite untrue that she lunched with him at his flat on that Wednesday.

McGinty will say that not only did she not lunch with him, but that she had never lunched there at all, so there could be no mistake about the date.

"DID YOU GIVE DRUGS?"

Detective's Dramatic Question to De Veulle at His Flat.

"If the inference I ask you to draw from this is the correct one, it was at Hockley's in the luncheon hour, either by his own hand or through the hands of his wife, that he supplied Billie Carleton with the cocaine which was the cause of her death."

"He was very anxious that she should be away from Hockley's at this time, and whether or not she went to his flat, she had never lunched there at all, so there could be no mistake about the date."

With regard to the statement that he visited her in her box at the Victory Ball, he absolutely denied next day that he ever visited her there."

At 11 o'clock on November 29 Belcher learned of Billie Carleton's death, and he learned that it was suspected that she died from drugs."

He consulted his solicitor, and the two of them that afternoon went to de Veulle's flat."

De Veulle then said that he was going to say nothing about the affair at all. Belcher said: "Did you give Billie Carleton any cocaine?"

De Veulle replied, after a little interval: "I shall know nothing at the inquest, too. No one has seen me give anything to Billie except one woman."

On Saturday Inspector Currie saw de Veulle again at his flat in bed, and told him that he had reason to believe that Billie Carleton died from drugs. "Have you given her any?" he was asked, and de Veulle replied, "No."

In answer to further questions, de Veulle said that he brought some cocaine with him from America, and he took the last of it four weeks ago, that he had never given any to Billie Carleton."

Inspector Currie, who had received information from Dr. Stuart, said to de Veulle: "Has Dr. Stuart said anything to you about giving drugs to Billie Carleton?" and de Veulle replied that he had not.

After the inquest de Veulle said to his servant McGinty: "There are detectives following you. If they speak to you take them to Mr. Chatterton's office in the Savoy. If you do you will say nothing about cocaine or that I know anything of this affair at all."

Then de Veulle added: "If you give me away I will see your baby starve. I will get your separation stopped."

Counsel said that McGinty was a married woman, whose husband was a soldier, and she had one child.

That was the threat which de Veulle thought it necessary to make to her who knew so much in case should she give him away."

"If these facts are proved," concluded counsel, after a speech lasting some ninety minutes, "my submission will be that you have ample evidence before you to justify you in committing defendant for trial upon the charge of the manslaughter of Billie Carleton."

"ON VERGE OF FAINTING."

Doctor Says De Veulle "Has Scarcely Any Pulse at All."

Dr. Hamilton, the divisional surgeon, was then called.

"You were present at de Veulle's flat last night, and you have seen him in court this morning," said Sir Richard Muir, "is there any reason why he could not go on for another twenty-five minutes?"

Dr. Hamilton: At the present time he seems to be on the verge of fainting and having an attack of syncope. He has scarcely any pulse at all."

Sir R. Muir: You think we ought to adjourn now then?—I am sorry to say, yes."

De Veulle, who was looking obviously very ill and was sitting huddled in the corner of the dock, leaned forward and grasped the rail with his hand."

"I want to know," said Sir Richard, "is it good for a man of drug-taking habits to be in such a position that he can get at drugs?"

"Oh, it's bad," replied the witness.

The magistrate intimated that he proposed to remand de Veulle in custody until Friday week, though there would be a formal remand for seven days."

De Veulle then left the dock and was conveyed to Brixton Prison in a taxicab.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General



Mrs. Wyndham Quin, whose husband is captain in the 12th Lancers.



The Hon. Mrs. Alan Mackenzie is Lord Knollys' only daughter.

POINTS ON PEACE.

Getting Ready to Open—A Long Way to Prinkipo.

A MAN who has just run over from Paris jocularly remarked to me that the atmosphere of the Peace Conference was now far more combative than anything we had known during four years of active hostilities. Out of the many views he expressed I noted three points.

Fourteen More.

The first was that many people, including possibly President Wilson himself, seemed to have forgotten that the famous fourteen points were really meant as a basis of discussion, and were never regarded as sacrosanct and impossible of amendment.

Unworkable.

The second was that, in my friend's view, "internationalised" cities would not do. The only present example is really Shanghai, which is carved up into race settlements, and is not conspicuously successful. The third was that neither Japan nor the Chinese and Indian millowners would agree to internationalise hours of labour on Western lines.

What Means It?

Mr. Bonar Law has had an important conference with the representatives of railway companies. Did they discuss the railwaymen's renewed demands or the new Ministry of Transport and nationalisation of railways, or both? The personnel of the conference can be gathered from the fact that Sir F. Bagnbury and Lord Claud Hamilton were, I am told, there.

Railway Nationalisation.

I am told that the general management charges for the whole of the British railways, including directors' fees, only amount to a trifle more than a million pounds a year. If railways become a department of the State I wonder how the cost would pile up.

The Long Trail to Prinkipo.

The Paris Conference never seems to have realised that the representatives of most of the Russian "governments" could not get to Prinkipo at all. Admiral Koitchak, for instance, the head of the Siberian organisation, would practically have had to travel right round the world, for entering Bolshevik territory means instant murder.

Art-y.

The names of some excellent artists are to be found in "Debrett," notably that of the Duchess of Rutland. Another coroneted artist is the Countess of Clonmell, whom here you see. Lady Clonmell is so keen that she is taking a course of training at the Slade School.



Twin Souls.

Both the Earl and his wife are talented. Lord Clonmell can turn a humorous verselet with the best, and does caricatures, too.

Potatoes Rotting.

In the Fen country, I am told, thousands of tons of potatoes are rotting owing to Government "red-tape" concerning sales and transport. Lincolnshire farmers are "up in arms" over the matter.

Against Bolshevism.

A Welsh Democratic League, to fight Syndicalism and Bolshevism, has been formed. Sir Edgar Jones is the chairman.

Gone North.

Sir Donald Maclean, who everybody says is to be the chairman of the Independent Liberals in the House of Commons, has gone to Scotland for a few days. He is a Scotchman and represents a Scotch constituency. But he settled years ago at Cardiff, where he built up a big practice as a solicitor.

Belfast Amusements.

When I remarked to an Irish friend yesterday that the trouble in Belfast seemed rather serious he simply grinned at me. "Why, me bhoys," said he, "this is nothing for Belfast! Have you forgotten the Orange riots when they used to lay each other out by hundreds?"

A Guards' Service.

Next Wednesday is set apart at St. Paul's for a memorial service for the officers and men of the Guards who gave their lives for King and country. No unit in the British Army won mightier glory than the Brigade of Guards.

To Be Tried.

It may be taken as certain that not only will the fugitive of Amerongen be tried for his crimes, but his aiders and abettors as well. Tirpitz, Ludendorff, Bethmann-Hollweg and Zimmerman are named to me as being marked for bringing to the bar of justice.

Not Little Willie?

There is some doubt about the Crown Prince, and no one wishes to lay hands on



Miss Betty Randall, a worker in the N.Z. hospital here, has just sailed for New Zealand.



Lord Dunsford, V.C., who is on his way to the United States on a six weeks' visit.

"Old Hindenburg," who is regarded as merely a figure-head. Power was really Ludendorff's. Nobody believes that the death penalty will be inflicted in any of the cases.

Who Controls Whisky?

It is said that some of the big stocks of whisky are to be released if the Food Controller can get the consent of the Cabinet. But who is really responsible for the now excessive restrictions? Is it the Food Controller or Lord D'Abernon and the Central Control Board?

Painting the Peacemakers.

I hear that Sir William Orpen and Mr. Augustus John will be present to-day for the first time at the Peace Conference. They will not be delegates, of course. They are to begin the historic pictures which the British Government have commissioned.

Early Marriages.

The Hon. Daphne Mitford has arranged to be married early in the morning to Captain Bowyer. It will be a quiet wedding, and the dated fixed upon is February 27. Brayfield Parish Church will be the venue.

Epistolary Style.

The Duke of Somerset, when he writes to the papers, lays about him with a powerful pen. His recent description of the Powers' scheme for the disposal of the German colonies as an "insane and ruinous freak" quite savours of the full-blooded days before this too-polite age.

Victory Pink.

Mr. Kemp Prosser, who lectures on the value of colour and its effect upon the spirits, wants me to tell my girl friends that the colour of the season for frocks is victory pink. It is a delicious shade of cyclamen pink, which goes with most complexions. Mr. Prosser is using it himself in his dining-room.

"Princess Pat's Own."

I hear that any of the officers and men of "Princess Pat's Own" in London will be invited to see her married. The regiment are wondering if they may still have her patronage now she does not want to be a princess.

Miners Still Menacing.

Because the difficulty with the Yorkshire miners has been settled, people think that the menace from the coalfields is over. They forget the far huger demands of the Miners' Federation are only now maturing.

A Family of Heroes.

The exploits of the five gallant Raikes brothers have, I know, become history to newspaper readers. There has now been a further addition to the collection of war decorations which the dauntless five have collected during the past four years, a Croix de Guerre going to Colonel Geoffrey T. Raikes, D.S.O., of the Welsh Borderers.

Much Decorated.

Lord Glanusk's only surviving son, Major the Hon. Wilfred R. Bailey, of the Grenadiers, is becoming a much-decorated man. Only a few days ago I mentioned that he had won a bar to his D.S.O., and now the Croix de Guerre has been conferred upon him.

The Bard on the Rhine.

Shakespeare is being played in Germany, and by British actors! "The Taming of the Shrew" was given by some men of the Royal Fusiliers in a Rhine town the other day. Mr. Edward Vanderlip, lately with Sir Frank Benson's company, was one of the cast.

Interesting Auction.

There is some wine to be obtained in London, in spite of the shortage, but I am sure that it will be very expensive. It is to be auctioned at the Savoy in aid of the funds of the French Red Cross. M. Cambon has given his blessing to the enterprise.

A Costly Spill.

There is trouble in one of London's clubs. A member handed a waitress a twisted piece of paper when she brought him a cigar. She lit the smoke for him with it, not knowing it bore the name "John Bradbury." Now the member wants his change and the girl wants payment for the cigar.

Gay Christenings.

Christenings are quite festive affairs again, with cheery luncheons afterwards and real christening cakes, while the presents are all displayed amid flowers. The festivity, if not the actual ceremony, had been in many cases postponed until "father" arrived home.

The Wastage of War.

I am told that over a quarter of a million rounds of ammunition were picked up by a single Labour company on the Cambrai battlefield recently. The amount of war material still lying about old battlefields is amazing.

Lady Lyrist.

Women never have any sense of humour, according to men. I was therefore interested to learn that at least one lady is in the ranks of the stage lyrist. Mrs. Gertrude Hartley-Milburn writes funny words, which, wedded to appropriate music, have been sung in many revues and musical comedies. Herewith the lady lyrist.



Mrs. Gertrude Hartley-Milburn.

Invasion.

Mrs. Hartley-Milburn wrote all the lyrics for Mr. Robert Courtneidge's new "Petticoat Fair." If women are to invade a territory hitherto held exclusively by men, our Adrian Rosses and Arthur Wimperises will have to look out.

Performer for President.

At her last concert for American service men (which, by the way, was her 670th) Miss Elsie Janis was amused by a hefty "dough-boy" who, at the end of one of her songs, jumped up and yelled "Elsie, run for President! We're with you!"

Some "Shoot."

Wood pigeons should be cheap and plentiful next week. Three counties—Yorkshire, Durham and Lincolnshire—have arranged for a simultaneous shoot to destroy as many of these "pests" to farmers as is possible.

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THE LOVE TRAIL

By IOLA GILFILLAN



Helen Carstairs.

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THE
RED

The
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PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

HELEN CARSTAIRS, a young and beautiful typist, who is in love with Roy Dunbar.
ROY DUNBAR, the assistant manager of the firm which employs her.
KITTY LATIMER, Helen's stepister, engaged to Dennis Clare, a Canadian farmer, but in love with Helen's fiancé.
HUGH LONSDALE, who, masquerading as Roy Dunbar, has been flirting with Kitty.

KITTY REMAINS OBSCURE.

A HALF-TRUTH is often more deadly and deceptive than a downright falsehood. It was so in this case. Kitty was well aware that Helen did not understand the situation, but she had not the slightest inclination to explain, for she was in a spiteful and resentful mood. Half an hour previously she had felt rather conscience-stricken, and she had been about to tell Helen the whole truth when Dennis Clare appeared so unexpectedly. Now her mood had changed. She resented Helen's appeal to her on behalf of Dennis, considered her attempt at intervention as interference, and was positively glad that she had not told Helen about Hugh Lonsdale.

She would have been alarmed if Dennis had discovered that his rival was Lonsdale, but she did not feel inclined to concern herself about Roy Dunbar. In the first place, she regarded Roy's threats as being something in the nature of "bluff," and in any event she felt that it would be a lesson to him if he made a fool of himself by challenging the wrong man. It was all Helen's fault, she decided, and she must take the consequences if there was any trouble.

Of course, the truth would have to come out sooner or later, and if it did she did go to see Roy Dunbar and found out the facts—well, he would blame Helen for having made him look foolish, and Helen herself would feel a fool. It served her right for interfering and for giving Dennis Roy's name.

"I don't understand you, Kitty," said Helen, controlling her agitation with an effort. "How can what you say be true? Before Dennis arrived you said you wanted to talk to me about Roy and his advice. Now you say that you find you made a mistake and that he was not in love with you. Yet you told Dennis that you were in love with Roy and meant to marry him."

"I told Dennis nothing of the sort," retorted Kitty sharply. "All I said was that I was in love with another man. Who the other man is doesn't concern either you or Dennis."

She flounced out of the room with her head in the air, looking angry and offended, and leaving Helen puzzled, anxious and greatly concerned. Helen was quite convinced that Clare was desperate, and that in his fury he might carry out his threat to shoot her. "It will be my fault if anything terrible happens," she murmured, wringing her hands, and unconscious of the fact that she was voicing what had been in her mind. "I had no right to tell Dennis, and—and something must be done!"

She glanced round as the door opened, and Mr. Latimer entered the room. Her stepfather had been smiling when he opened the door, but his smile faded and he paused abruptly, raising his eyebrows in surprise.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed. "Mary told me that Dennis Clare was here. Surely he hasn't gone!"

"Yes," Helen said, and then she was trying to master her agitation and appear calm.

Mr. Latimer looked at her shrewdly and searchingly, rubbed the bald spot on his head and took up a position on the hearthrug, with his back to the fire.

"What happened?" he inquired quietly. "Did he see Kitty?"

Rather unsteadily, Helen gave an account of what had happened, and he listened in silence, his ruddy face grave.

"Humph! I wish you had sent for me," he commented after a pause, still rubbing his head. "You knew he was upstairs in my study, and I might have been able to pour oil on troubled waters, so to speak."

"I must have a talk with Kitty and with young Clare. Did Clare mention where he was staying?"

"No," answered Helen, with a shake of her head. "Daddy, I'm afraid Dennis may do something desperate," she added quickly. "He threatened to shoot Roy Dunbar. Something must be done. I am anxious—afraid!"

"Pooh! Nonsense!" exclaimed her stepfather reassuringly. "Dennis has too much sense to do anything idiotic. Impetuous young fellows always talk a lot of wild nonsense when they are angry and excited."

"No doubt," said Helen, trying to scare Kitty. "He has too much sense to get himself into trouble and cause a scandal. Don't worry yourself, my dear."

Mark Latimer had a habit of crediting other people with plenty of common sense, and could never quite understand why some men deliberately chose to "make fools of themselves."

"Surely you are not worrying yourself on account of that scoundrel Dunbar?" he continued after a pause. "It would serve the fellow right if Clare gave him a jolly good hiding, and if I thought Clare could do it without getting himself into trouble or dragging your name or Kitty's into the affair I'd be inclined to encourage him to shoot. That's how I feel about Dunbar, Helen, and I am sure you feel the same."

He paused inquiringly, half-smiling, but Helen did not meet his glance and made no response. There was no hatred of Roy Dunbar in her heart; on the contrary, the knowledge that she had probably placed him in danger struck terror into her soul, and she had been forced to recognise anew that she still loved him.

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

"Kitty is a heartless little idiot," Mr. Latimer went on, beginning to pace up and down. "I must have a serious talk with her at once and try to bring her to her senses."

"Dennis Clare is too good for her, as a matter of fact, but she has developed such exaggerated ideas of her own importance that she thinks he isn't good enough. . . . Or perhaps her seeming heartlessness is due to not wishing to admit right away that she was in the wrong."

"I expect she'll make it up after Clare has seen her once or twice, made love to her, and promised her the earth. . . . I'll have a talk with Kitty at once and try to see Clare to-morrow." "Dennis will make up for all that satisfactory. Kitty was mutinous and obstinate. She decided that nothing would induce her to marry Dennis, that she had ceased to care for him, that she did not want ever to see him again, that she would rather die than go to Canada, that she was a brute, and that she would never forgive him for talking to her as he had done. So there!"

TROUBLED DREAMS.

HER father lost his temper at last, bluntly called her a fool, and accused her of flinging herself at the head of a scoundrel who didn't care a brass farthing for her instead of keeping her promise to an honest man who loved her and had proved his love. Whereupon Kitty wept tears of vexation, sobbed something about everyone being against her, and blamed her for having caused all that trouble.

"It would serve her right if she found herself left in the lurch," said Mr. Latimer to Helen, with unusual irritation. "I don't know what to make of her of late, and I hope to goodness I haven't made up my mind to do herself. It looks to me as if she is still infatuated with that fellow Dunbar, although she denies it."

"Don't you think Roy Dunbar should be warned, daddy?" hazarded Helen, nervously.

"I don't mean that, daddy," retorted her stepfather, with a snort. "Warned off, you mean. Didn't I give him sufficient warning when he came here? Didn't I express my opinion of him plainly enough, and warn him—"

"I don't mean that, daddy," interposed Helen. "I mean don't you think he should be warned about Dennis Clare? I am sure Dennis was in earnest when he threatened, and that he means to do Roy some injury."

"Serve him right," snapped Mr. Latimer, rubbing his bald spot vigorously, and staring at Helen as if he thought she had taken leave of her senses. "Warn him against Dennis Clare! Great Scott! Anyone might imagine that you were still infatuated with the scoundrel, too."

"Warn him? I gave you credit for more sense, Helen. I'll warn Clare when I see him not to do anything rash, but as for warning Dunbar, eh?"

Helen sighed resignedly, and went to her own room, where for a long time after everyone else in the house was in bed she sat in deep thought. She was afraid—afraid for the safety of Roy Dunbar. The conviction had forced itself upon her that Dennis Clare's vow had been no empty threat, that he was desperate, and that Roy's life was in danger.

"It is my fault," she soliloquised, despairingly. "I betrayed him to Dennis, and I must warn him. I wonder what Kitty must be saying that she was mistaken, that she does not love Roy, and that he was in love with me? I wonder. . . ."

Her thoughts flooded her pale, lovely face as she found herself wondering if it could be possible that Roy had really loved her and if he still cared. She felt almost ashamed to admit, even to herself, that, in spite of everything, she was conscious of the fact that she still loved him, although she felt also that her pride would never permit her to acknowledge that to Roy.

She went to bed at last, and fell into a troubled sleep, in which she dreamed that Roy was in some dread danger and was calling to her for help. In her dreams she felt herself powerless to go to his assistance, there came darkness, and then she saw Roy lying cold and dead with an expression of awful reproach in his glassy eyes.

Helen awoke trembling with horror, to find the grey light of morning filtering through the slats of the blind. She could not sleep again, and could not shake off the memory of her nightmare.

It seemed to her that her dream was a warning and a message, and when she went down to breakfast at last, her mind was made up, and she had decided upon a course of action. She would call on Roy at his office, meet him face to face once more, and warn him of his danger—put him on his guard against Dennis Clare.

Life for Roy Dunbar had become merely a mechanical round of work. For weeks he had devoted himself to business, and it was a religion and he a fanatical worshipper, but in his case he was not seeking to win heaven, but trying to forget that he had lost it.

He seemed to have aged, and the laughter-light had disappeared from his eyes. His men-friends detected a new cynicism in his manner, and wondered if his liver was troubling him; women who knew him wondered who the girl was who had had her head on his lap in an "affair." But Roy evaded all the adroit questions which were levelled at him from time to time, and went back to his work, telling himself that he was working out his own salvation.

Often, however, to his own annoyance, he found himself thinking of Helen and wondering about her. He would glance up from his desk towards the window at which she used to sit, glance up expecting to see the sunlight gleaming on her wondrous red-gold hair—then, would come remembrance and a heart pang.

At times, too, his mind, in spite of him, would go back to that wonderful day when he had

held Helen in his arms and she had told him she loved him and had promised to be his wife. How long ago it seemed!

On this particular morning Roy was thinking once again of Helen. His typist had failed to appear in an appearance, and he found himself sitting gazing at her empty chair. It brought back memories of the morning after his first visit to Sydenham, when he had been forced to realise that perhaps he had lost Helen, and that vacant chair had seemed a piece of tragic symbolism.

A knock at the office door roused him from his reverie, and he sat up with a start, calling himself a fool.

"Come in!" he called curtly.

Next moment he was on his feet, clutching the edge of his desk and wondering if he had suddenly become the victim of hallucinations, for it was Helen who opened the door and entered. Her face was very white, save for one hectic spot of colour on each cheek, and her blue eyes seemed unnaturally large and bright. To Roy she seemed a ghost—a very beautiful ghost—of her former radiant self, and it took him a few moments, so great was his surprise, to realise that she was real, and not a vision conjured up by his own thoughts.

"I beg your pardon," said Helen, trying to speak calmly, although her heart was fluttering and her breath was coming and going unsteadily. "Mr. Johnson, in the outer office, told me to come through. I—I have something to tell you."

FACE TO FACE.

ROY recovered himself, drawing in his breath sharply. He had not realised how intent was his stare until he saw the hot colour glow in Helen's face.

"You took me by surprise," he said, and he had no idea that his voice was very curt and formal. "I am at your service. Won't you sit down?"

Helen accepted a chair with an inclination of her head. She was glad to sit down, for her limbs suddenly began to tremble beneath her. She had intended to explain calmly and formally, but it was not going to be so easy as she had thought. She was conscious that Roy's grey eyes were still fixed upon her as if trying to read her thoughts.

"It is rather difficult to—to explain," she resumed hurriedly, forcing herself to meet Roy's eyes. "I hope you won't misunderstand me. I thought it was my duty to call and warn you. Dennis Clare came home from Canada last night, and there was a scene. I told him about you, and he threatened to shoot you. He seemed desperate, and I feared he meant it, so—so I came to warn you."

Helen did not realise that her explanation was almost incoherent, and Roy's puzzled gaze made her still more confused. As for Roy, he was as yet quite in the dark as to her meaning. He remembered having heard the name of Dennis Clare mentioned, but he could not recollect who the man was.

Quite apart from that, however, his brain was in a whirl. An hour before he would have regarded the news as an unexpected meeting with Helen would disturb him and render him old heart-hunger in all its intensity; but now he realised his own weakness, and almost hated himself for it. Helen's very presence had an extraordinary effect upon him, and his heart was pulsing madly. Against the old mad desire to crush her in his arms was upon him, and he had to clench his teeth and hands to control himself.

"I am afraid I don't understand," he said, after a pause, and in spite of his inward agitation, his voice was still hard and steady. "Who is Dennis Clare, and why on earth should he want to shoot me?"

Dennis was engaged to Kitty," explained Helen, breathlessly. "I told you about him. Kitty threw him over. I told him you were responsible, and he flew into a passion and swore he would kill you. I am afraid he meant it, so I came to warn you."

"If he comes to see you—oh, you had better tell him that you—you didn't steal his sweet-heart away from him, and that there has been a mistake."

"But why did you tell him I was responsible, Helen?" asked Roy, and did not notice he had used her Christian name. "Why did you tell him something which you must have known to be untrue?"

"Untrue!" "Certainly. What have I to do with your sister throwing this man over? What have you told him that drives him to such a pitch that he should threaten to kill me?"

"It should hardly be necessary for me to explain," answered Helen, shaken by a little gust of anger.

Roy's lips tightened, and a strange light came into his eyes. He thought fleetingly through his mind that it might be possible that Helen actually believed still that it was he who had made love to her step-sister. Before he could speak, however, a clerk knocked at the office door, and entered.

"Excuse me, sir, there is a gentleman asking to see you," he said. "His name is Mr. Clare, and he says his business is private and important."

"Show Mr. Clare in," said Roy, promptly, and turned to Helen as the lad withdrew. "Perhaps Mr. Dennis Clare will be able to clear up the mystery," he continued, grimly.

Don't miss Monday's instalment

GREAT BEAUTY CONTEST JUDGES.

Noted Names on Our Competition Committee.

40,000 ENTRIES.

Forty thousand—an army corps!

That is the amazing grand total, which can now be announced, of competitors who have entered *The Daily Mirror* £1,000 Beauty Competition for Women War Workers.

Apart from actual fighting, there is not a branch of war activity at home and abroad in which women workers of all classes, rich and poor alike, have not played a noble part.

And forty battalions of the most beautiful of these women who have so splendidly helped their menfolk to win the war are now competing in this remarkably successful beauty contest.

During the present week record after record has been established in connection with the competition.

The increasing size of the G.P.O. bags delivered to *The Daily Mirror* offices on Monday made it evident that there would be a rush of competitors during the concluding days for the receipt of photographs.

4,000 ENTRIES IN ONE DAY.

Amazing Rush to Compete During the Past Week.

Daily the number of postages increased. On Monday 1,000 photographs were received, the following day 1,500, and on the third more than 2,000.

On Thursday there was a comparative slump; barely 1,000 were received, but yesterday, which was the closing date of the competition, all previous records were hopelessly beaten.

The last day of the competition brought over 4,000 additional entries, bringing the grand total for the three months' run of the contest up to 40,000.

It is obviously impossible to submit so great a number of photographs to the honorary committee of leading artists and others who have undertaken their final judging.

As has previously been stated, all photographs are being sifted and re-sifted with a view to eliminating the merely pretty portraits from the "possibles" and "probables." In the ultimate something like 2,000 will be submitted to the jury for their exacting scrutiny.

To-day we are able to announce the names of the committee.

They comprise three gentlemen and three ladies. Three are distinguished artists, one is a leading sculptor, while another is a surprise in the person of a famous musical comedy actress—herself a beauty of note—whose inclusion will be generally popular.

THE JUDGES' "WHO'S WHO."

Distinguished Men and Women Who Will Decide the Great Question.

The following form the committee—

Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, R.A., who studied at the Munich Academy and the Beaux Arts, Paris, and has worked in Italy, Spain and Morocco. "Samson," "The Judgment of Paris," the "Birth of Love," and a portrait of Mrs. Patrick Campbell are among his best-known paintings.

Major Richard Jack, A.R.A., won the National Scholarship to South Kensington. He won several medals, one at the Paris International Exhibition for portraiture. He has been a regular exhibitor at the Royal Academy, New Gallery, Pittsburg, Liverpool, Rome, etc., and is a member of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters. His picture, the "Rehearsal with Nikisch," was purchased for the nation in 1912.

Mr. Bertram Mackennal, M.V.O., A.R.A., is the well-known sculptor, whose works include the War Memorial, Islington, statues of Queen Victoria for India and Australia, and the national memorial to Gainsborough. Two of his works, purchased by the Chantry Bequest for the nation, are placed in the National Gallery of British Art. Mr. Mackennal was responsible also for the coinage of King George V.

Mrs. M. Whiteford, who has taken an active interest in the competition.

Miss Anna Airy, R.I., is also a member of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters and the Pastel Society. She won Slade School of Art prizes for portrait, figure and other subjects, as well as a Slade Scholarship. She has exhibited regularly at the Royal Academy and at the International Exhibition in Rome.

Miss Lily Elsie (wife of Major Ian Balfour), the popular actress, whose beauty and charm won fame in "The Merry Widow," "The Dollar Princess," "A Waltz Dream," and other musical comedy successes at Daly's Theatre. She has now retired from the stage.

Another of our leading artists, Major Sir William Orpen, who is at present painting the

great Peace Conference in Paris, for history, may also join the committee if he is back from France in time for the final judging.

The £1,000 offered by *The Daily Mirror* to the most beautiful women war workers will be divided into forty-nine cash prizes, thus:—
First prize £500
Second prize 100
Third prize 50
Fourth prize 25
Twenty prizes each £10
Twenty-five prizes each 5

In addition the first four prize-winners will be given a week's free holiday in France, the trip to Paris and back to be made by aeroplane.

TUBE FARES GO UP.

Increase on Those Routes Not Hitherto Affected.

To-day it will cost you more to fight in the tube and 'buses!

The increases will be made on those routes where fares have not been raised already, and will affect some thirty or forty stations. Usually the increase will not exceed a halfpenny. For example:—

Earl's Court—Dover Street From 2d. to 3d.
South Kensington—Coven Garden 2d. to 3d.
Monument—Stepney Green 1d. to 2d.
Belme Park—Mansion House 3d. to 4d.

In only two cases will there be penny increases: Turnham Green to St. James's, 4d. instead of 3d.; Barons Court to Sloane-square, raised to 3d.

At present season tickets and penny fares are not affected. Small increases are to be made on the following omnibus routes: 1a, 1b, 13a, 84, and 142. The penny fare will not be abolished.

WOMEN AS LAWYERS.

Law Society's Secret As to Whether They Favour Proposal.

The question of the admission of women to the legal profession was raised at a meeting of the Law Society yesterday by Mr. E. A. Bell, who had given notice to ask what attitude the council proposed to adopt relative to the Bill about to be laid before Parliament providing for the admission of women into the legal profession.

The Chairman: The answer is simple. The question of the admission of women to the profession is one in which there is a marked divergence of opinion. It is not possible to say what attitude the council will adopt until the Bill is introduced.

Mr. Bell: Arising out of the question, may I ask whether the council will view the question with an air of benevolent neutrality having regard to their judicial capacity? (Laughter.)

The Chairman: I cannot tell you in the least what the answer to that would be.

Mr. Bell: Could you tell me the majority on the council in favour of—

The Chairman (interposing): Certainly not.

THE PRINCE IN RUINED AREA.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by four British officers, on Thursday visited the ruins of the English factories at Houdeng-Goegnies, which were destroyed by the Germans.

The Prince also reviewed the troops encamped in the Brussels district.—Reuter.

A RATIONED DANCE.

Sudden Outbreak of Humour on Part of Food Ministry.

CAPERING COUPONS.

We have, it appears, a comic Ministry. It is the Ministry of Food.

This seemingly staid Government department is possessed of the spirit of fun.

For some time past they have been engaged in the congenial task of rationing our dinners. Now the brilliant idea has occurred to them of rationing their own dances.

Last night a dance was given by the staff of the London Food Commission at the Trocadero Restaurant.

It was, *The Daily Mirror* understands, the first time in history that a "dance" has been "rationed." Every dancer was provided with a carnival dance ration book.

These books are in appearance suspiciously like the official ration books, with which we have grown only too familiar, but it is doubtful whether the coupons would be accepted in public restaurants and places where they dine.

A space was left for the signature of the holder, and the age—if under five or over ninety-five was required to be added. The number of nimble nonagenarians present was, however, noticeably small.

The holder—"so ran one of the instructions"—"may deposit either the first leaf, the Interval Coupon, or the last page (or the whole) with any dancer, provided that the words 'Booked up' are written across the leaf so deposited." There was one ominous warning on the concluding page. "Don't be late in the morning," it ran, in large, bold lettering. That was the only fly in an otherwise delectable ointment.

THE COLDEST DAY.

Heavy Snowfall in Wales—Possibility of Skating To-day.

Four degrees of frost. That was yesterday's London record.

Not really terrible. But when there is a touch of wind and fine snow in the air it can be unpleasant.

There was heavy snow in Wales, and the passes blocked near Snowdon and Cader Idris. Eight degrees of frost are recorded in Yorkshire and Northamptonshire, and there are prospects of skating on Hittington Fen to-day.

Birr! What a day! It was the coldest this winter.

To-day's weather, say the experts will be very much the same. Easterly winds, bringing slight falls of snow, will continue.

DASHED TO BLAZING SHIP.

The Albert Medal has been awarded to Lieutenant G. D. Belben, D.S.C., R.N., Sub-Lieutenant D. H. Evans, R.N.V.R., Petty-Officer A. E. Stoker, and Able-Seaman E. Nunn for their gallant rescue of injured men from the monitor, H.M.S. Glatton.

On their own initiative the two officers and men boarded the blazing monitor and went below, and in spite of the dense smoke they succeeded in rescuing twenty-two or twenty-three men who had been seriously injured.

Lord Beaverbrook III.—Lord Beaverbrook is spending a few days in Eastbourne before undergoing an operation.

"IT IS DEATH OR GLORY WORK"

Inspiring Death Message of Posthumous V.C.

HEROISM ON A BRIDGE.

"It is death or glory work which must be done for the sake of our patrol on the other side."

These were the inspiring words of Corporal James McPhie, 416th Field Company R.E., T.F. (Edinburgh), who gave his life in performing one of the most thrilling deeds recorded in the great war.

When infantry, just before dawn, were crossing a cork float bridge across the Canal de la Senné, it was noticed that the bridge began to sink and break.

Having jumped into the water and endeavoured to hold the cork and timber together, McPhie swam back for material for repair.

In broad daylight, knowing that the far bank was almost entirely in the hands of the enemy, he led the way with the words, "It is death or glory work, which must be done for the sake of our patrol on the other side."

On the bridge he was severely wounded, falling partly into the water. After receiving several further wounds he died.

Nine other V.C.s are also announced. Four of these who made the supreme sacrifice were: Corporal W. Waring, M.C., late 25th Battalion Royal Welsh Fusiliers, T.F. (Welshpool); Sergeant H. Cairns, D.C.M., late 46th Battalion Saskatchewan Regiment; Lieutenant W. L. Algie, late 25th Battalion 1st Central Ontario Regiment; and Lance-Corporal L. L. Lewis, late 5th Battalion Northampton Regiment.

Corporal Waring, at Roussory, on September 18, 1918, led an attack against machine guns, rushed a strong point, bayoneted four of the garrison and captured twenty of their guns.

He led his men for another 400 yards, when he fell mortally wounded.

Sergeant Cairns won his V.C. before Valenciennes on November 1, 1918. The advance was led up by machine guns and field guns, he led a small party to outflank them, forcing about fifty to surrender and capturing all the guns.

After consolidation he went with a battle patrol to exploit Mety, and forced sixty enemy to surrender.

Lieutenant W. Algie gets his V.C. for bravery on October 11, 1918, north-east of Cambrai. Having enabled his party of nine volunteers to reach the village, he rushed a machine gun, killed the crew, captured an officer and ten enemy, thereby clearing the village.

Lance-Corporal A. L. Lewis, on September 18, 1918, observing that two enemy machine guns were enfilading the line, crawled forward single-handed and bombed the guns, and by rifle fire later caused the whole team to surrender.

Lance-Corporal W. Amey, on November 4, 1918, single-handed and under heavy fire, attacked a machine-gun post in a farmhouse, killed two of the garrison and drove the remainder into a cellar until assistance arrived. The V.C. was also won by Captain C. N. Mitchell, M.C., of the 1st Battalion, Canadian Engineers; C.S.M. Martin Doyle, M.C., of the 1st Battalion, R. Munster Fusiliers (New Ross, Co. Wexford); Lieutenant B. Mackay Cloutman, M.C., 59th Field Co., R.E., T.F.; and T. Lieutenant E. W. Hildes, Welsh Divisional Regiment, attached 6th Battalion Northern Regiment.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

Labour Still Adverse Influence—Good Railway Dividends.

The Stock markets continued on the dull side, recognising that an anxious week-end is in prospect. No pressure to sell was noticeable, but here and there an investor with a profit to take in Iron, Steel or Engineering shares, was evidently transferring to Government securities.

Generally informed City opinion hesitates to take the reported Government view that the strike outbreak is transient and due to war weariness.

War Loan was very firm 94 15-16, Consols 59. Home Rail dividends are proving well up to expectations. The Metropolitan increase encourages hope that Underground Electric incomes may receive more than the 4 per cent. tax free paid for 1917. Latter dividend is due Thursday.

Great Northern declares 2½ per cent. on Deferred and A stocks against 2½ per cent. with £37,000 against £70,000 allocations, and £140,039 forward against £139,615. It is expected that several of the Heavies will raise their rates. Iron and Steel leaders were generally off colour, but Beyer Peacocks (Locomotives) were firm spot. Beyer Peacock 39s. 6d. are 4s. higher than three weeks ago.

Catering shares were quieter, but very steady: A.B.C. 3½ bid, Lyons 5 15-16. Liptons bid 51s. 6d. Rolls Royce continue strong in Motors 41s. Austins firm 30s. anticipating that holders will secure rights to £1,000,000 6 per cent. tax free Preference issue next week. Chartered harder 23s. 3d. Smaller West Africans very firm, Abitibiakoons 5s. 7½d.

CHEAP RAILWAY EXCURSIONS SOON?

The Daily Mirror understands that there is every prospect of ample provision being made by the railway companies for excursion trains to the seaside and country at cheap rates.

DAINTY FROCKS FOR NURSERY FOLK.



Add fluffy net frills to a frock of rose "witchery" crepe and thread velvet hand through pleats to keep it trim, and baby is bound to look at her very best.

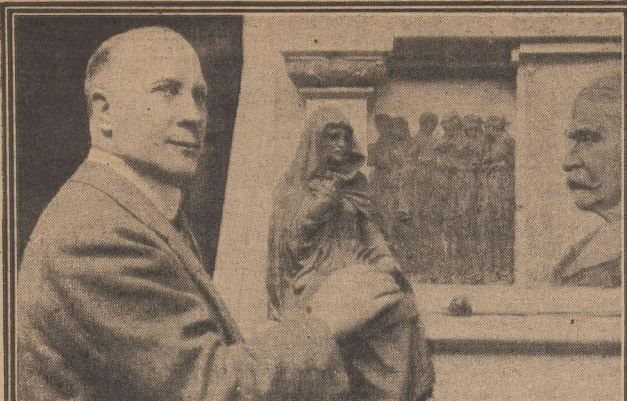
The child of eight or nine with floating golden curls should have a short sleeved dress of hunter's green velvet, with a vest of gay Rumanian embroidery.

Because mother has panels to her frock, her small girl decided to have them also, and they reveal strips of puny needle-run with blue and mauve.

ARTISTS, SCULPTOR AND ACTRESS TO CHOOSE THE BEAUTY QUEEN.



Miss Lily Elsie (Mrs. Ian Bullough), the popular actress, a judge. She has retired from the stage.



Mr. Bertram Mackennal, M.V.O., A.R.A., who will be one of the judges. He is famous as a sculptor.



Miss Anna Ayr, A.R.A., a judge. She is a member of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters.



Major Richard Jack, A.R.A., a judge. He has been a regular exhibitor at the Royal Academy, and is a member of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters.



An entrant. Was Y.M.C.A. vocalist and canteen worker.



An entrant. A chief section leader, W.R.N.S.



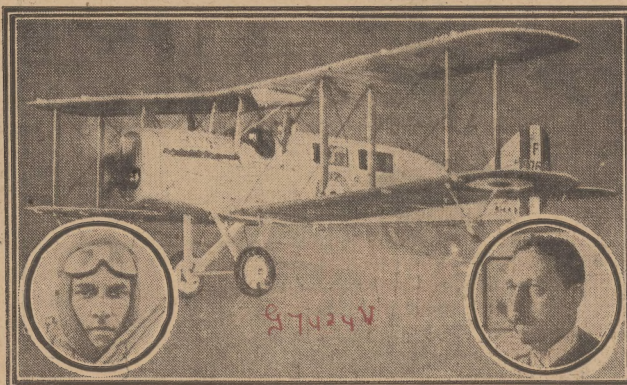
An entrant. Worked three years on munitions.



Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, A.R.A., a judge. "The Birth of Love" and "The Judgment of Paris" are among his best-known works.



An entrant. Was shorthand typist and released her father for Government work.



Four "Beauty Belles" will fly to Paris in one of the Airco de Haviland biplanes being built for Mr. G. Holt-Thomas. Inset, Captain de Haviland and Mr. G. Holt-Thomas.



An entrant. She was engaged at the Air Ministry.

No fewer than 40,000 competitors entered for The Daily Mirror Beauty contest for war workers—a truly wonderful figure. In addition to the cash prizes, which amount to

£1,000, the four principal winners are to be given a week's free holiday in France by The Daily Mirror. (See story on news page.)

PROSPECTS OF TO-DAY'S FOOTBALL MATCHES.

Everton's Chance for Revenge Against Manchester City.

BRENTFORD'S FORWARDS.

To-day's matches in the Lancashire and Midland sections of the Football League are return encounters to those played last Saturday. Thus Everton will have a chance at home of wiping out the defeat sustained from Manchester City at Hyde-road.

The match should prove a rare attraction to Liverpool people and, given anything like decent weather, there should be an enormous crowd at Goodison Park, for there will be great curiosity as to what manner of team it was that beat the hitherto invincible Everton eleven. It was a sensational goal by Murphy in the first minute of the match last week that caused Everton's undoing. Subsequently the prospective section champions pressed a lot, but could not break through a sound defence. To-day I confidently anticipate a reversal of the result.

Liverpool, who could only draw with Manchester United last week at Anfield now have to visit Old Trafford. It should be a good game, and the United may just win by reason of the home ground advantage.

STOKES' TIP-TOP FORM.

Stoke, after winning at Stockport, ought to beat the County at Hanley. By the way, it was the first defeat sustained by Stockport on their own ground, and to win by 6 to 0 was an astounding feat on the part of the Stoke men, whose forwards are in tip-top form just now. Similarly Preston North End, having won at Bolton by 4 to 2, should have no difficulty in repeating the performance against the Wanderers at Preston. Oldham Athletic, who drew last week at Blackburn will now surely account for Blackburn Robbers at Oldham. Of the other matches in this section I like the prospects of Southampton, Bury and Rochdale.

Nottingham Forest played fine football last week in beating the redoubtable Bradford side by 3 to 0. At Park Avenue, however, the leaders in the Midland Section will be faced by a much stiffer task, for Bradford have only lost one match on their own ground, and that was when Hull City created a surprise a fortnight ago by snatching a victory by the only goal of the match. Forest are such a really good team that, despite some recent shakiness in defence, I believe they will win to-day.

Birmingham, who hold second place to the Forest, have to visit Huddersfield, and the result may reverse last week's result, when the result was by a goal to nothing. Notts County at home will almost certainly beat Bradford City, who were defeated 5-3 last week by the Locomotives at Valley Parade.

WILL SHEFFIELD SCORE EIGHT GOALS?

With Leeds City strengthened by the return of a number of last season's powerful team they are stronger now than ever before, and although Leicester Fosse take a lot of beating at home, I fancy the chances of Leeds to-day. Sheffield United, after winning 8-0 at Bramall Lane, should again score the best goals, but the latter's ground sometimes upsets the best calculations, and it will not be 8 to 0 even if the United do win. Sheffield Wednesday, on the other hand, should go one better against Rotherham than they did last week on the County's ground. Then the result was a draw of one goal each.

There is keen rivalry always between Grimsby and Lincoln, and results of matches between the sides are not always in accordance with contemporary form. Grimsby, who won at Lincoln last week, and although they should win again, it would surprise no one if the City turned the tables. It should be a good game at Coventry, where the City should just beat Hull.

'SPURS' v. ARSENAL.

In the London Combination there will be considerable interest excited by the meeting of the Arsenal and Tottenham Hotspurs. Both clubs use the same ground at Highbury, so there will be no advantage to either in local knowledge. There were 30,000 on the ground last week, when Chelsea were the visitors, and I shall be surprised if there are not as many again to-day.

Sergt. Minter, who has returned to England, will figure in the Spurs' front line, but I understand that Carroll will not be able to turn out at centre forward. But Worrall will partner Clay at back, and Lieut. Harbridge, of the R.A.F., will again figure at left half. The Arsenal will be without Val Gregory at centre half, but Phil Jones is coming into the line, and W. Thompson will appear in the forward line instead of Dominy. It should be a great match, for both sides played well last week, and it is not 5 to 4 against either side.

Chelsea, for whom I am, all that popular Woolwich, Leyton, Sunderland, and international forward Buchan may not be able to play, will nevertheless be very strongly represented, all their R.A.F. men being available again. They include R. McNamee, their international left half, and J. McIntyre, their great scoring forward, in their side again. I have a



BOXING CONTEST.—Tom Noble, who is to meet Joe Lynch, going through physical exercises for developing the leg muscles.

sneaking regard for the chances of the West Londoners. I regard them as quite one of the best sides in the Combination on present form.

Brentford have on paper a comparatively easy task, but Queen's Park Rangers are a hard side to beat at Shepherd's Bush. They possess a resolute defence, but are erratic. Brentford will have their four regular forwards, who were unable to play last week, back in the side, so that Sergeant-Major Cook will have Private Hendren, Lance-Corporal White, Bombardier Morley and Bombardier Baker operating with him. It is the best forward line in the South to-day—some enthusiasts say in England. So the Rangers should be beaten.

For their match at Selhurst against Crystal Palace West Ham will have a new centre forward in Corporal S. Smith, who will be highly tried in filling Buchan's shoes. They will have Ashton at outside right, Corporal Kirsopp at inside right and Bombardier Dodd and E. Best, of Sunderland fame, on the left wing. If Smith proves a success this is another fine line.

Crystal Palace are an uncertain side now that they have to do without their R.N.D. men from the Crystal Palace. They may put up a good fight, but I confidently anticipate the success of the Hamsters.

In the Northern Victory League the First League members do not clash, as was the case last week. Both Middlesbrough and Newcastle are away, the former at Hartlepool against the United, and the Magpies at Durham. No difficulty should be experienced by either in annexing full points.

South Shields will visit Roker Park to play Sunderland, who will be all probability the Lieutenant Buchan as Morlie's partner on the right wing. It was thought that Buchan have donned the Chelsea shirt, but it is announced that he will play for Sunderland.

Neither Scotswood nor Darlington have won a match in this competition yet, and their meeting to-day should give the home team a start.

P. J. MOSS.

TO-DAY'S FOOTBALL MATCHES.

LANCASHIRE SECTION.
Burnley v. Southport C.
Bury v. Blackpool.
Manchester U. v. Manchester C.
Manchester U. v. Liverpool.
Stoke v. Stockport County.

MIDLAND SECTION.
Barnsley v. Sheffield U.
Bradford v. Notts Forest.
Grimsby Town v. Lincoln C.
Leicester U. v. Towns v. Birmingham.
Notts Co. v. Bradford City.
Sheffield Wednesday v. Rotherham.
Coventry City v. Hull City.

LONDON COMBINATION.
Chelsea v. Clapton Orient.
Arsenal v. Tottenham H.
Crystal P. v. West Ham U.
Millwall v. Fulham.

NORTHERN VICTORY LEAGUE.
Hartlepool United v. Middlesbrough.
Durham U. v. Newcastle U.
Sunderland v. S. Shields.
Scotswood v. Darlington F.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.—Ayr United v. Clydebank. Celtic v. Kilmarnock. Dumbarton v. Glasgow Rangers. Falkirk v. Hibernian. Hearts v. Hamilton Academical. Rangers v. Airdrieonians. Partick Thistle v. Greenock Morton. St. Mirren v. Queen's Park. Third Lanark C. D.

UNITED SENIOR LEAGUE.—Southall v. Darraoch. Hampton v. Tulse Hill. Clifton v. Southend v. G.W. Railway. Wimbledon v. Barnet. Luton v. Dulwich Hamlet.

ISTMIAN LEAGUE.—Clayton v. Dulwich Hamlet. Leyton v. S.E. Heavy Artillery. Bristol v. P.E. H. Harriers. Richmond v. Public Schools Services v. Guy's Hospital. Queens' Club v. Southend v. West.

NORTHERN UNION LEAGUE.—Bramley v. Bradford Northern. Halifax v. Huddersfield. Hull v. Bailley. Leeds v. Hull Kingston Rovers. Swinton v. Bradford Rangers. St. Helens v. Warrington. Widnes v. Leigh. Wakefield v. Huddersfield.

RUGBY RULES.—Newport: Monmouthshire v. New Zealanders. Leicester: Leicester v. Coventry. Devonport: R.N.D. v. S.E. Heavy Artillery. Bristol: Bristol v. P.E. Harriers. Richmond: Public Schools Services v. Guy's Hospital. Queens' Club v. Southend v. West. Trial: Winchester Hill: St. Bart's Hospital v. Merchant Taylors School. Boston Manor: Wasp Services v. Middlesbrough. Woolwich: R.M.A. v. Warrington. Camberley: R.M.O. v. R.N.D. (Aldershot). Epsom: S.E. Field Artillery v. New Zealanders (Horschurch).

WINDSOR RACING RETURNS.

1. "V.A.D." HURDLE. 1.4. J. J. R. Anthony. 2. "Laugh" (4.1). 3. "Tim" (20.1).
2. "PADDON" CHASE. 2.5. "MIND THE PAINT" (Avila) w.o.
3. "DUAL" HCAP HURDLE. 2.5. "IVINGTON" (G.A. Avila). 1. Ahaneck (2.1). 2. Toadstone (3.0). 1.1.
4. "WRENS" S. HURDLE. 2.5. "LONDERY" (A. New). w.o.
5. "B.E.F." CHASE. 3.5. "MASK OFF" (1.4. T. H. New). 1. Ahaneck (2.1). 2. Toadstone (3.0). 1.1.
6. "CARRY ON" CHASE. 2.5. "BIE TURA" (1.4. T. H. New). 1. Ahaneck (2.1). 2. Toadstone (3.0). 1.1.
7. "CARRY ON" CHASE. 2.5. "BIE TURA" (1.4. T. H. New). 1. Ahaneck (2.1). 2. Toadstone (3.0). 1.1.

FARCICAL RACING AT WINDSOR.

Few People, Only 16 Runners, and Many Mishaps.

TOADSTONE'S UNLUCKY FALL.

From Our Special Correspondent.

WINDSOR, Friday.
Visitors to Windsor to-day experienced a novelty. In the first place they travelled down in trains that were half empty. In the second, when they arrived on the course it was to hear that only sixteen runners had reached the scene of action.

Snow fell slightly all this morning, and the temperature was below freezing point, but the herbage on the course was so thick that racing was quite safe. Only three numbers were hoisted for the V.A.D. Hurdle, and, of course, Minstrel was made favourite, and, equally of course, he won. The judge said fifteen lengths, but as he only counted the last three quarters of a mile, and as, though the second, finished at a walk, after something had happened to the other runner, the distances can be ignored in this case.

BATH AN ABSENTEE.

Contrary to all expectation, Bath, which won so amply at Sandown, and which was sent to the meeting, was not allowed to compete for the Paddock Selling Chase, which fizzled out into a walk-over for the astonishingly named Mind the Paint.

Of the three saddled for the Royal Hurdle Race, Ahaneck had not run since last March, but Ivington ran well behind The Wrecker at Sandown, and Toadstone had finished third to St. Tudval at the same meeting. Toadstone was preferred to the others, and after Ivington had made the running for over a mile, Piggett sent Toadstone to the front. He had a clear lead at the last jump, but then fell, leaving Ivington to win easily from Ahaneck.

In the "Wrens" Selling Hurdle Londerly walked over. Four turned out for the "B.E.F." Steeplechase, for which Shaun Spadah, Mask Off, Ally Sloper and Bridge IV were the runners. Mask Off made all the running, and drawing right away with Shaun Spadah, the favourite, beat Mr. T. McAlpine's horse by a length after a good race. Ally Sloper was third. The "Carry On" Chase, which brought the proceedings to a close, saw Mark Black favourite in another field of four. Mr. F. Wills' chaser fell and The Turk II scored from Ranelagh, with Quills third.

BOUVIERIE.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADOLPH. "THE BOY." W. H. BERRY.
To-day, at 2 and 8. Mats. Weds. and Sat. at 2.
AMBASSADORS. "TWICE DAILY." At 2.45 and 5.30.
LEE WHITE in a new song show. "US."
APOLLO. Musical Comedy. "SOLDIER BOY!"
Ergs. at 8.15. Mats. Tues. 2.30. Ger. 3243.
COMEDY. Evening, at 8.15. "TAILS UP." A Musical Entertainment. Matinees, Mon. Fri. Thurs. 2.30.
COURT. Shakespeare's Comedy. "TWELFTH NIGHT." To-day, 2.15 and 7.45.
CRITERION. "YOU NEVER KNOW, Y'KNOW."
To-day, 2.30 and 8. Mats. Mon. Weds. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.
DAILY. "THE ID OF THE MOUNTAINS."
To-day, at 2 and 7.45. Matinees, Tues. and Sat. at 2.30.
DRURY LANE. (For 25th) To-day, at 1.30 and 7.30.
BABES IN THE WOOD.
DUKE OF YORKS. 2.30. 8. THE MAN FROM TORONTO
By Roy George Tully. Mats. Tues. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.
GARRICK. Evening, at 8. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2.30.
HURD PURSE STRINGS. A new musical.
GLOBE. Musical Comedy. "NURSE BENSON."
To-day, 2.15 and 8. Matinees, Weds. and Sat. 2.15.
HAYMARKET. 2.30 and 8. DENNIS FADIE in "THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS." Mats. Wed. Th. Sat. 2.30.
HIS MAJESTY'S. CHU CHIN CHOW. 3rd Year.
To-day, 2.15 and 7.30. Mats. Mon. Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.15.
KINGSWAY. Ger. 4035. Every Evening, at 8. Mats. Wed. Sat. 2.20. OH JOY! A new Musical. 2nd Year.
LONDON PAVILION. C. B. Cochran's "AN UO WERE." Ergs. 8.30. Mat. 2. and Sat. 2.30.
LYCEUM. Fantomine. "CINDERELLA." To-day, 2.15 and 7. Popular prices, Ger. 7617.
LYRIC. "AMERICAN BOY." To-day, 2.15 and 7.30.
LYRIC. "THE YOUNGER GENERATION and Perpetua, Operetta." MASKELINE'S THEATRE OF MYSTERY. 3 and 8. Wonder Programme. 10.15. Mayfair 1945.
NEW. 2.30. 8. "THE CHINESE PUZZLE." Elsie Irving. Mat. Mon. Tues. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.
OXFORD. "IN THE NIGHT WATCH." Ergs. 8.15. Mat. Mon. Wed. Sat. 2.30. Madge Tiberius.
PALACE. Musical Comedy. "THE WIFE." Charles Hawtree, Gladys Cooper. Mat. M. Th. S. 2.30. PRINCES.
To-day, 2.15 and 7.45. Matinees, Wed. and Sat. at 2.30.
QUEEN'S. "THE LUCK OF THE NAVY." Daily, at 2.30. Programme of the "OFFICERS' MESS."
ROYALTY. 2.30 and 8.15. THE TITLE by Arnold Bennett. Mats. Th. and 8.30. Aubrey Th. Sat. 2.30.
ST. JAMES. Gertrude Elliott in "EVES OF YOUTH." To-day, 2.30 and 8.15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2.30.
ST. MARTIN'S. To-day, 2.30 and 8. Bromley Chalmers in WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD.
SAVOY. Gilbert Miller presents "NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH." At 2.30 and 8.15. Mats. Tues. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.
SCALA. "MATHESON LANG IN 'THE PURPLE MASK.'" To-day, 2.30 and 8.15. Mats. Tues. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.
SHATESBURY. "YES, UNCLE!" (2nd Year) Evening. Matinees, Tues. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.
STRAND. ARTHUR BOURCHIER in "SCANDAL." 2.30 and 8.15. Mats. Tues. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.
VICTORIA PALACE. "THE THREE MUSKETEERS." 2.30 and 8.15. Mats. Tues. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.
WINDHAM'S. "THE LAW DIVINE." A Comedy by H. V. To-day, 2.30 and 8.15. Mats. Tues. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.
ALHAMBRA. Ergs. 8.30. Mats. Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.15.
ALHAMBRA. To-day, 2.30 and 8.15. Mats. Tues. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.
COLISEUM. Ger. 7541. 2.30 and 7.45. Serge Diaghilev's Russian Ballet. Seymour Hicks and Ellaline Terriss.
HIPODROME. Musical Comedy. "THE 25th ANNUAL" Edition of "Box of Tricks." Harry Tate, etc. Ger. 650.
PALACE. "THE 25th ANNUAL" Edition of "Box of Tricks." Harry Tate, etc. Ger. 650.
PALLADIUM. 2.30, 6 and 8.45. Wilkie Reed, Madge Scott, etc. To-day, 2.30 and 8.15. Mats. Tues. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.
NEW GALLERY. Society's Picture Playhouse. 2.11. Jane Cost in "Sneaking Down." Charlie Chaplin.

PERSONAL.

SUPERFLOUS Hair permanently removed from face with electricity. Ladies only. Miss Phoenix, Wed. 22, Cranville-gardens, Shepherd's Bush Green, W. 12.
SAVOY All-Night Baths, never closed; 600 beds—120, Highest, Kensington. 24, Railway-approach, London Bridge; 459, Brickwork.
The above advertisements are charged at the rate of Eightpence per Word (minimum eight words). Trade Advertisements in Personal Column, on Shilling Per Word. Name and address of advertiser must also be given. Address, Advertisement Manager, "Daily Mirror," 25-29, Boulevard Street, London.

GARDENING.

21 DAYS' Clearance Sale.—Apple, Pear, Plum Trees, from 1s. 6d. each, and all other fruit-trees; seed of 21 kinds; Peas, first to come in, 1s. 6d. per bush; Beans, 10s. per pint; Spanish Onion, 8d. or seed for my catalogue of Trees, Seed, Potatoes, &c. Lettuce, Seed, Cucumber, 40. Huddell, Suffolk.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GENUINE WATCH BARGAINS.—Silver Immense wristlet watch, perfect timekeeper, bargain, 20s. worth double; used, 10s. 6d. or less. Home Counties, 10, Tottenham Court Road. A CURE for Deafness has been discovered which is sure and certain in results; everybody's opportunity. Full particulars of D. Clifton, 15 Broad-Hill, London, E.C.4.

Overseas Daily Mirror

THE PICTURE PAER FOR THE DOMINIONS.

No overseas home is complete without it. Each number contains six issues of "The Daily Mirror" bound together. Order now through your Newsgator, or send a subscription direct to the Manager, Overseas Daily Mirror, 25-29, Boulevard Street, London.

SUBSCRIPTION:
Six Months post free to Canada 16s. 6d.
To all other parts of the world 20s. 0d.

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ALL SEEDS 6d. PER PACKET.

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Branches: 237, High Holborn, W.C.1, and 53a, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4.

Daily Mirror

Saturday, February 1, 1919.

BIG GLOVE CONTEST.



Tom Noble, who will meet Private Joe Lynch in a twenty-round contest at the Ring, Blackfriars-road, on Monday afternoon, punching the ball.—(Daily Mirror photograph).

TWO STEP COUPON (2). 10 <i>"Over There."</i> Available only with the <i>Dancer</i> with whom it is registered.		FOX TROT COUPON (3). 14 <i>"Over There."</i> Available only with the <i>Dancer</i> with whom it is registered.	
TWO STEP (2). VALSE COUPON (5). 11 <i>"Black."</i> Available only with the <i>Dancer</i> with whom it is registered.		FOX TROT (3). TWO STEP COUPON (3). 15 <i>"Black."</i> Available only with the <i>Dancer</i> with whom it is registered.	
ONE STEP COUPON (2). 12 <i>"You're in Style."</i> Available only with the <i>Dancer</i> with whom it is registered.		VALSE COUPON (7). 16 <i>"Madhattan."</i> Available only with the <i>Dancer</i> with whom it is registered.	
ONE STEP (2). VALSE COUPON (10). 13 <i>"Destiny."</i> Available only with the <i>Dancer</i> with whom it is registered.		FOX TROT COUPON (4). 17 <i>"I can't stop loving you."</i> Available only with the <i>Dancer</i> with whom it is registered.	
VALSE (10).		FOX TROT (4).	

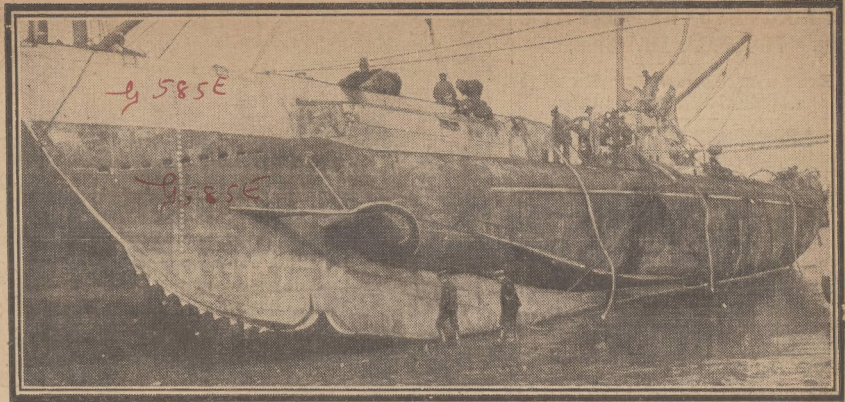
Each had to register their part e

THE CATERER'S MESSAGE. The less food you eat the better we shall like it.		DON'T EAT TOO MUCH AT SUPPER. IT WILL SPOIL YOUR DANCING.		TAKE A PARTNER WITH YOU. IF YOUR PARTNER CAN'T EAT, YOU GO AHEAD.	
Grow Potatoes if you can. It's so simple!		VALSE (HESITATION) COUPON. 9 <i>"The Only Girl."</i> Available only with the <i>Dancer</i> with whom it is registered.		LET HIM PAY.	
Give your old dancing pumps and costumes to the salvage man. Throwing boots at Brides has gone out of fashion.		ENJOYMENT IS COUPON FREE. HELP YOURSELF. THE TEMPOS DOES FUGIT.		GET IT AT SNARRODS	

—Though there was always the right to change.

GOVERNMENT HUMOUR.—B'tion by the Jazz craze, the Ministry of Food gave a dance last night and issued invitation cards in the form of food book leaves.

REVENGE! GERMAN MINE LAYER CAPTURED.



The UC 44 as she appeared at low tide in Dunmere Harbour. As seen, she was captured intact.



A British minesweeper after fouling a mine laid by the UC 44. She was an old paddle boat. The UC 44, which was one of a type the Huns built for mine-laying, claimed several victims, but "der tag" was inevitable, and she was brought to heel by our chasers and captured.



RESIGNATION.—The Right Rev. Dr. Ridgway, Bishop of Chichester for eleven years, is retiring on account of ill-health. He was ordained in 1880.



ACTOR'S DEATH.—Mr. Nat Goodwin, the famous American comedian, who has died. He was formerly the husband of Miss Maxine Elliott, the well-known actress.



"GIVE US A GOOD START OFF."—Soldiers set the toboggans going. The photograph was taken at Buxton, where the steep hills provide ideal "runs" for the devotees of winter sports.



ROYAL NURSE.—Princess Arthur of Connaught, who has been awarded a prize for her essay on nursing.